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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

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WHAT WILL PAPA SAY NOW?

MRS. VICTORIA MOROSINI SCHELLING-HUELSKAMP HAS A PRIVATE DRESS-REHEARSAL FOR THE CASINO.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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DOUBLE LIVES.

The crime market for the week has not been much livelier than it was for the preceding seven days. Perhaps the most interesting case of all was that of the Boston millionaire, Sanborn, who was cut short in his career as a philanthropist by dropping dead in a brothel of which he was the proprietor.

A nice kind of double existence was that led by this pious and lewd old scoundrel. At his country residence he was highly regarded and respected as a most exemplary Christian. He was always ready to lead in prayer, and the way he used to kiss the younger sisters would bring water to the mouths of the older ewes of the flock. He established a seminary for young girls (and it is not very hard, in the light of subsequent revelations, to understand why he built it or what course of education he had blocked out for the pupils) and presented to it not only a magnificent library but a couple of busts, one of himself and one of his mistress, Julia Hilton. The portrait of the latter, by the way, is to be found on another page of this paper, and gives a fair indication of the sort of Boston young woman who goes in for a life of "cultured" prostitution.

While Mr. Sanborn was thus earning the good-will and esteem of his fellow-citizens in Kingston, N. H., where he lived when "off duty," in Boston he owned and managed personally three or four of the most fashionable and prosperous houses of ill-fame to be found at the Hub. He was one of the meanest and cruelest of landlords, and some of the unfortunate girls whom he rented out describe his tyranny as being of the most atrocious kind. The seminary which he built and endowed was, beyond all doubt, intended to supply their places, should they strike or desert him, with new and attractive victims. To be consistent in his utter villainy, he, no doubt, intended to seduce them himself and thus qualify them for the vicious career which he had marked out for them to his own ultimate profit.

But the revenges of outraged decency are pretty sure and certain, and in the case of Sanborn, vengeance was not long postponed. The double-lived millionaire, a philanthropist at home and a procurer abroad, died suddenly in one of his own dens in the arms of one of the prostitutes whose earnings helped swell his revenue and contributed in no slight degree to the endowment of the Young Girls' Seminary.

There are, no doubt, hundreds of men living the double life of profound hypocrisy on one side and bestial lust on the other which made the incident of Sanborn's death so memorable in the newspapers. It is an open secret among the police authorities that most of the houses of ill-fame in New York are owned by church members who are not above putting into the church collection plates on a Sunday five-dollar bills still reeking of the touch of libertines and lewd women, which came to them from their bawdy house tenants. The profits of such a business are notoriously large, and the old scoundrels who draw them are confident that their "respectability" protects them.

There are other double-lived men in New York, in every big city in fact, whose actual existence, if published and described faithfully in every detail, would make a tremendous sensation. It is not long ago that a grim, stern, woman-hating bachelor, an inveterate clubman, who was never seen in female society, and whose views of the sex were of the most uncomplimentary kind, died very suddenly. He had hardly been laid in his grave when two wives, each armed with a wedding certificate, turned up and claimed his estate for their respective families.

RUSHING the growler—fining John L. Sullivan for being pitcher in a Sunday game of baseball.

COCAINE, hailed so recently as an anæsthetic, is said to foster a more morbid appetite than opium.

CANNIBALS devoured the whites of Anneg, Africa. The cable does not report what became of the yolks.

ENGLAND has evidently concluded that the Fenian war of 1866 is over. Consul Whelan has been received at Fort Erie, Can.

THE Genesta is named after its owner's mother-in-law, and this accounts for the fact that she can't make good time in a calm.

AN Oshkosh (Wis.) man has recovered \$2,000 for the loss of a hand. It isn't every man who bets on a bobtail flush has such luck as that.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA and Engineer Melville are said to be preparing another raid on the North pole. They should be hamstrung at once.

THE suspension of Mr. Ferdinand Ward's examination indicates that the iron hand of justice in New York has put on a velvet glove again.

LOT WRIGHT struck the venerable Durbin Ward in the face for calling him a ruffian. The blow was a plea of guilty to Ward's accusation.

OLD SOL must be on a prolonged "bat" these days. Before seeking his evening couch he dally paints the western horizon a most decided red.

ST. LOUIS has had a chewing gum tournament, which had the effect of attracting public attention from murderer Maxwell for three entire days.

WHISKY is going down in price and this throws a bigger gob of gloom over the Kentucky moonlighters than even this week's lunar eclipse.

It is said that Daniel L. Moody, the great Chicago evangelist, is becoming very fleshy. His friends here will be glad to learn that his health is good.

THE Puritan was sold at auction and only brought about \$14,000. There must have been a suspicion current that the Puritan was built by John Rouch.

COLORED men in Maryland lynched a colored man for an outrage on a colored girl. Repeat that over slowly, so you can understand its full significance.

THE "Sick Man" of Europe seems to have had a relapse, which is not at all complimentary to our own Sunset. Were those chestnuts he took over too venerable?

To correct any possible misapprehension it is announced that the Mr. Howells, who broke the one-mile bicycle record at Boston, is not the novelist of that name.

EMORY STORRS, it is said, shortly before his death, announced his intention of removing to New York, but the other-world seems to have offered him superior inducements.

MISS MORRIS, a Brooklyn belle of thirty, is going to marry ex-Gov. English, of Connecticut, who is seventy-five. The latter's fortune of \$6,000 is the bridge across the chasm.

THE editor of a Georgia paper thanks God that the maidens of the South have more modesty than to display their underclothes in some store window just previous to marriage.

A MAN in Americus, Ga., made a wager that he could sit on a cake of ice one hour, but he only held out 48 minutes. This was almost as foolish as trying to sit on a red-hot stove. Ask the yokel if it isn't.

ON the frivolities of this age! The first Mrs. Adam contented herself with the most simple adornment. Now comes a cable story from the modern Eden, Paris, that Mme. Adam is the best-dressed lady on the boulevards.

A STRANGER is surprised by the large number of drug stores in Montpelier, Vt., but he need not believe that an unusual trade in medicine is the cause. Vermont has a prohibitory liquor law, and by far the larger proportion of the drug trade is in contraband whiskey.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, who is the most unpopular member of the royal family, is not serving the cause of monarchy by squabbling with his hop-pickers over a few cents. He is enormously rich through his wife, but is disgustingly penurious. A spendthrift prince, even if the people are taxed to pay his debts, is better liked by them than a shabby fellow who looks after the pennies.

AN extraordinary scene occurred in the Muncie, Ind., court where Bishop Scott was on trial for murder. While undergoing cross-examination he suddenly lost his reason and speech and is still a raving maniac.

JAMES MALLEY, the young man who was tried for the murder of Jennie Cramer, is going to marry a widow. Many who thought the young scapegrace guilty and desired to see just punishment meted out to him will be satisfied now.

It is reported that Vanderbilt visited the \$250,000 mausoleum he has had constructed for himself, and was so affected by it that he wept. Such a gratuitous waste of water would indicate that his railroad stocks have absorbed all they will hold.

THE Chicago News has a four-column paragraph on the wickedness of that city, the sum and substance of which is that it is a more sinful city than Babylon. When a Windy City scribe starts out to knock out the Biblical writers, he stops at nothing.

THE Rev. Newman Hall, the toady American cockney, complimented the royal family at a meeting last evening, and was greeted with "a storm of derision." Newman Hall thought something of coming to America a few months back. He will now wish he had done so.

GOLDSMITH MAID will receive more obituary notice in the papers than almost any man now living would receive were he to die to-night. This proves that excellence and superiority will tell, and also that there are very few men who tower above their fellows as the little mare did above her kind.

THE professor who occupies the chair of athletics in Harvard College announces that the freshmen entering the school this fall are above the average in physical strength. This is evidently to be a great year for the young gentlemen who take the course of baseball and boat races.

THEY say that when R. B. Hayes heard of the death of Emory Storrs, he ordered a pitcher of pink lemonade and had such a bacchanalian revel as was never before known in the Western Reserve. Even his hens took a day off at the risk of causing a stringency in the Fremont egg market.

Boston's latest sensation is the discovery that many persons who are supposed to be living reputable lives are habitués of Chinese opium-joints. The list includes several names of ancient respectability. Wun Lung and his poppy pipe has proved too much for the moral strength of the Mayflowers.

We are gratified to learn that Lord Dufferin has arranged to hold a durbar at Agra in November next and that the chiefs of all the Rajpootana and Central Indian States will be present to help. If a durbar is anything like the Kentucky mule his lordship will no doubt need the assistance of all those chiefs in his attempt to hold it.

A COUNTERFEITERS' den was accidentally discovered at Des Moines, Iowa, the other day, and a quantity of carefully compounded metal secured by the officers. The men engaged in the unlawful work were, as is usually the case, persons of education and intelligence. Expensive volumes containing elaborate treatises upon the art of metal-mixing and coining were also found.

SIDDALL, the soap man, might utilize that fast team he recently purchased as an advertising medium. He could attach them to a buggy, and with flags flying from his horses' heads bearing the legend, "Don't be a Clam," dash through the country like a thunderbolt. It would give the soap a great boom. The great advertiser should take this scheme into consideration.

THERE is a striking coincidence in the fact that George Wilkes, at one time the acknowledged king of the American turf, and Goldsmith Maid, at one time the acknowledged queen, should have passed away within a few hours of each other. George Wilkes was formerly editor and proprietor of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, and Goldsmith Maid used to edit the New York Ledger before Maud S. took hold of it.

ST. LOUIS has another mystery in which a veiled woman and a dying man with a lie on his pallid lips figure as principals. That town will get to be quite well known in the course of time by such a spirited system of advertising. It should be observed, however, that the active participants in these thrilling scenes have to be imported. The city could make more money than it is now doing if it would give up commercial effort entirely and fence itself in as a dime museum of delightful horrors.



M. J. Mahoney is the worthy president of the South End Athletic Club, of Boston. He's a native of the "Hub," where he made his first appearance thirty-two years ago, since which time he has taken a very active part in athletic sports. Mr. Mahoney is quite an artistic boxer.

MISS CLOSS' RASH LOVER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Otto Closs keeps a saloon in Atlantic avenue, East New York, and Mrs. Closs runs a boarding house in connection with the saloon. John Fleischman, a young boarder, who fell in love with Miss Closs, was dragged before Justice Schellein to explain why he had allowed his enthusiasm to carry him to the point of rashness. An attempt to make the young man out a burglar failed because he boarded in the house, and then he was accused of malicious mischief. The tale of woe related was that Miss Closs had fallen asleep at the supper table, and was there until midnight, when she was startled by feeling something grab her foot. She looked down and saw a man wrapped up in something white, with a white towel fastened about his head. She wasn't afraid, but simply screamed, and then remarking, "I know you, John Fleischman," she spent the time in chasing John around with a big carving knife until Mrs. Closs came down and assisted in making him a prisoner.

The Justice told John Fleischman that what he had done was very wrong, and sent him to jail for sixty days.

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Wallstreet man of note found that his time was frittered away by idle callers. How he secured himself from interruption is told as follows: Walking down the street one day, a well-dressed female in a store caught his eye, and wondering why the lady tarried so long he approached and discovered that the figure was a dummy. He passed on, meditating first about the figure, then by a natural association of ideas to women in general, and next about the politeness of Southerners to women, and just here an original idea struck him. He was sure that no one, at least no Southerner, would attempt to interrupt him while he seemed to be talking to a woman. If a quick-sighted New Yorker could mistake a dummy for a lady, why should not other people?

No sooner thought than done. The figure was made and placed in his office. He worked with his back to the door and his face to the figure. People came and looked and waited and walked away. The thing acted like a charm, and the few cents for calico, buttons, hooks and eyes, and a chignon were amply repaid by the saving in the valuable time of the busy man.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A duel was fought at Cottonwood Point, Mo., on Sept. 26, in which both contestants were killed. On Saturday afternoon two strangers, seemingly the best of friends, entered the town and began drinking heavily. Both were armed and finally got into a dispute over the merits of a bale of cotton. The discussion resulted in a fight in which the larger of the two was worsted. Not satisfied, he demanded a fight and suggested that, to prevent undue advantage on either side, they clasp their left hands and fight with their right. This programme was carried out and seven shots were fired. The large man, who made the proposition to fight in this manner, was instantly killed three bullets going through his body and one through his head. The other received three bullets and died in fifteen minutes. Neither of the men was known in the town, but they were identified as "Matt" Perry and James Oakley, farmers, who live fifteen miles southwest of Cottonwood. The bodies lay side by side in the warehouse and were visited by all the town people and hundreds from the county.

A POLICE COURT LECTURE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Armory Police Court, in Chicago, Ill., was the scene, the other day, of a very touching spectacle. A large number of prostitutes, some of them scarcely beyond childhood, had been arraigned before a well-known justice and he took the opportunity to deliver them a most impressive and heart-searching address on the inevitable misery and shameful deaths which awaited them. Most of the girls were moved to tears.

DUCKED BY A DREDGER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As Officer Donovan was looking at the operations of a steam dredger, at West Brighton, S. I., the "hasket" of the machine clutched him, carried him up in the air and then dropped him with a brisk, exhilarating thud in the oil-covered waters of the Kill Von Kull, from which he was subsequently rescued.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

A Typical Modern English Sensational and Scenic Effect Melodrama.

It wasn't very long ago that a certain hard-up but persistent and picturesque Scotch lad turned up in London and established himself in business as a poet. He was made by no manner of means welcome, for even in London there are more poets wholesale and retail than the trade demands. It was very hard with



Cora Tanner as Nan.

the young Scotchman at first, and he soon fell foul of his competitors in the poetry line. He wrote with a good deal of rough strength and he contrived to make his poems interesting.

One of the features of his poetry—and it was a feature which annoyed and disgusted his "sweller" competitors—was that he wrote principally about common people, such as sewing-girls and beggars and fallen women. He was never known to split out



Herbert Archer as Richard.

verses about aristocratic subjects, and he was more than suspected, at times, of not being quite sure whether the professional religion of the churches was the straight article or not.

These facts, taken with the other more important fact, that his poems in due time commanded quite a sale and made money for him, set all the other English poets yapping at his heels like a pack of hungry curs. They accused him, in their jealousy, of all sorts



Maggie Holloway as Liz.

of unutterable crimes—the gravest and unkindest charge of all being one to the effect that he was given to wearing dirty shirts and never cleaned his finger nails. This charge seems all the absurder when we



Wm. Herbert as Jenkinson.

remember that it is the proud prerogative of all poets to go about just as dirty as they please.

But whether or not he be indifferent to the state of his linen or whether or not he wears perpetual indications of moping on the outer edge of his finger nails this same Scotchman, whose name is Robert Buchanan, can write a very interesting and, at times, a very exciting play, no matter though some of the incidents may be a trifle familiar and we have seen some of the characters elsewhere.

The best of his plays is one on which he has con-



Belle Archer as Tom Chickweed.

ferred the title of "Alone in London," and which, as the programmes have it, is the property of that man of wrath and valor, the heroic William E. Sinn, of the Park theatre, Brooklyn, colonel. It is not only the best of Buchanan's plays, but it is a very much better play than the most of those which have been presented upon the American stage for the last season or two.

It deals with the misfortunes of a pretty country



Walter Reynolds as Biddlecomb.

girl who marries a thorough-going London scoundrel, a rascal whose favorite diversion is counterfeiting and who, whenever he feels lonely and in want of a little wholesome excitement, "puts up" a small job of burglary

he tires of her, he bolts to London and leaves his poor silly little country bride to bewail her folly and afterward follow him to the Modern Babylon. It is with her extraordinary and yet very natural adventures there that the play concerns itself, and it is right here that the black-fingered Buchanan comes out strongest, for no man was ever so intimate with the English underworld or described its inhabitants so graphically.

Among the queer characters of the play none are drollier or more amusing than old Jenkinson, the rogue-philosopher, or the venter of comic songs and pathetic ballads at "only a penny."

Brother Sinn has got a lot of very clever people in the cast of "Alone in London," and especially in Cora Tanner has he found a successor to Kate Claxton at her very best. The voice of Cora is just as sweet and sympathetic as the voice of the auburn-haired Catharine, and when she turns on her tear-and-pathos stop, the way the women in hearing join in and sob is a caution.

The other people are, some of them, almost as good, and Brother Herbert Archer is, at times, cruel enough to his pretty wife (in her character, be it understood, of Tom Chickweed) to earn the cobbles which the boys up in the gallery would like to fire at him.

Even the chestnuts of "Alone in London" have a pleasant flavor of their own, just as if they had improved with age.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Grace Thorne will be the leading support in Adelaide Moore's company.

Maurice Grau has secured Frank Farrell as advance agent for Mme. Judie.

The Thalia Theatre will be opened on October 1st with "The Czar and the Carpenter."

Lena Merville has been engaged by A. N. Barney for Kelly and Mason this season.

Mrs. Louise Eldridge and Cyril Searle have been added to W. J. Florence's company.

Edgar Davenport has left the "Cllo" company to join Fanny Davenport in "Fedora."

Chas. Gayler is going to send out John L. Burleigh in his new piece, "The Bohemian."

Milliken's Opera Company make a trip from Chicago to New Haven, Conn., to fill a single night's engagement.

The Kiralfys are rehearsing their musical spectacle, which will be produced at Niblo's Garden in November.

W. A. Mestayer's receipts averaged over \$1,000 a night during his engagement at the New Opera House in Chicago.

Edward Shader has been added to Lizzie Evans' company, which is playing a successful engagement in Philadelphia.

Clay M. Green, H. A. Thomas and Edward Hall will be members of Kate Claxton's company playing "Called Back."

Bessie Sanson has sailed for Europe, to be absent a year. She will join William Edouin's company playing in London.

Barney McAuley resumed his starring tour on Thursday last at Orange, N. J. He had a very large house, and was perfectly sober.

Since Lizzie May Ulmer changed her manager her business has improved, and last week she was quite successful in the South.

Miner's "Silver King" closed its season at Steubenville last week. The company will be reorganized under a new management.

The Boston Ideals will sing "Victor, the Blue Stocking," a new version of "Fantine" ("Francis, les Bas Bleus"), by Oscar Weil.

Pitkin & Vaughan, theatrical printers, Chicago, Ill., were burned out Sept. 14, and lost about \$50,000 of stock, including many blocks, cuts, etc.

The engagement of Harry McDonough as Nanki Poo in the McCaull "Mikado" company completes the cast, and rehearsals will begin at once.

Henry Chanfrau will play a week's engagement at Niblo's Garden, beginning on Monday next. He has secured W. H. Sherwood as advance agent.

Al. Fisher has recovered from a fifteen days' illness with sciatic rheumatism, and is out on crutches. He will rejoin Montford's London Show.

The "Peck's Bad Boy" company were attached in Brooklyn last week by Colonel Sinn, of the Park Theatre, for a claim of \$500. The debt was settled.

Mr. Simon Nahm will bring suit against Miss Rose Coglian, and her husband, Mr. Edgerly, for damages for breaking their contract with him as agent.

Herr Conried sails for Europe on October 7th in the interest of the Aronsens, whom he will put to great expense. There is a general rejoicing at the Casino.

Nelson Decker and Nard Almayne returned from abroad Sept. 23. Perugini, the tenor, arrived on the same steamer, as did D. D. Lloyd, the playwright.

"I Due Sargenti" ("The Two Sargenti"). Rossi's famous drama, has been adapted by P. S. Mattox, and may be done this season by Anthony & Ellis Co.

Dore Davidson has scored a success in Cincinnati, the house on Sunday evening being crowded to its utmost. The play "Lost" has been rewritten and improved.

The announced professional matinee at the Lyceum theatre will not take place. Mr. Steele Mackaye states that the announcement was utterly unauthorized.

Miss Florence St. John has been engaged by Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino, for three years. The engagement begins in September next. The engagement was made through Marcus Mayer.

H. A. Jones, one of the authors of "Saints and Sinners," has sailed from London, and is expected in the city during the week to take charge of the rehearsals of the play at the Madison Square Theatre.

Harry Lacy has decided to shelve the play "Satan's Diary" for the present. He will return to New York during the week to reorganise "The

Planter's Wife" company. Maud Granger may be in the cast.

Miss Vera Wilson, a talented little sourette—a former pupil of Madame Melville Snyder, of San Francisco—is now studying singing with Professor Ernest Ferring and stage training with Max Freeman.

Wright Huntington is leading with Lottie Church's company this season, and has made a success in John A. Stevens' old role. Miss Church's new play, "The River Pirates," will be tried at Norfolk, Va., presently.

Manager C. W. Durant is jubilant over his "Fayette" opening. He has worked hard, and now he has gone out of the city for a much-needed rest. Meanwhile George W. Ellis is energetically working ahead of "Fayette."

Business-manager W. G. Peterson tells us Ella Weaver's company will play a week in New England. R. H. Strong does not go out with her. Will J. Mack will take his place, and T. H. Glenney will manage the stage.

Agnes Folsom is now playing "Nanon," vice Sadie Martinot resigned. Miss Martinot has been recommended by her physicians to take a rest, as she has become unnerved by her too diligent application to her French lessons.

The Orrin Brothers, circus managers, who have made a great deal of money in Havana, Mexico and South America, are at present in New York enjoying a brief vacation. They will go South again when cold weather arrives.

Arthur Rehan's rotten comedy company has been playing in the northern part of the State in Mr. Daly's piece called "A Night Off," and the inhabitants of that section of the country, when they see Mr. Rehan's company coming, take a night off and run for the woods.

An ode, by George Edgar Montgomery, was read upon the occasion of the opening of the Philadelphia Walnut Street theatre, on Monday night of last week, and the business was had until Saturday, while the people were recovering. They recuperate rapidly in Philadelphia.

Robert McCann, a New Bedford, Mass., "mascher," insulted Pauline Batcheller and Jennie Bartine of the Dalys' "Vacation" Co. after the performance there Sept. 18. Bobbie Daly did the grand for the ladies, as well as for McCann, who failed to come to time after one round.

The death of Jumbo is going to cost the Barnum people a very great many thousands of dollars. The big elephant was about the only attraction left in this organization, and it will be hard work to replace him. Indeed, he was the central figure in all the vast printing material of the show, and this too will have to be sacrificed.

The speculators in front of the Fifth Avenue theatre are getting to be so numerous, so noisy and so importunate that it is almost impossible either to push one's way by the door or to get into the theatre. They are an internal nuisance, and could be done away with by the management, just as Mr. Daly got rid of those who used to annoy him and his patrons.

E. E. Kidder's romantic drama "Niagara" has proved a remarkable success in Boston and Brooklyn. The cast supporting Rose Eytling is one of the best on the road, and one of the most expensive. Its members include Ada Gilman, Lala Lee, Mattie Ferguson, Charles Stanley, Henry Dalton, and W. A. Sands.

J. M. Hill has completed his company, which will support Margaret Mather at the Union Square theatre. In "Romeo and Juliet," Milnes Levick will play Mercutio, Frederick Paulding will be the Romeo, and in the company will be Edwin Cleary, H. A. Weaver, Sr., Harry Eytling, Frank A. Tannhill, George Dalton, Mrs. Jameson and Jennie Harrold.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the regulations of Harris' Museum, Pittsburg, is that boys barefooted or in their shirt sleeves cannot be admitted. This rule bears rather hard on the "newsies" and bootblacks who seldom take the trouble to dress up in swallow-tailed coats and kid gloves when they attend places of amusement. In fact many of them do not possess shoes during the summer months, but it seems that they have found a way to evade the law as laid down by the museum managers. On Thursday evening last a police officer while walking up Fifth avenue past the museum was startled to find himself struck by a shoe which apparently had dropped from the upper regions. At the same time from one of the windows in the museum came the voice of a street gamin, who yelled out, "Git 'em, Jimmy, afore the cop catches on." The command was addressed to a lad on the pavement, who made haste to secure the shoe. Subsequent inquiry developed the game of the boys, who, determined to get in the museum, and having but one pair of shoes in the crowd, each one in turn wore them up stairs, took them off and dropped them to his waiting comrades below.

A BRIDE'S SUICIDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we publish a picture of the recent sad occurrence at Decorah, Iowa, where a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a rich hardware merchant, took a dose of prussic acid at the close of a wedding ceremony which united her to a young man for whom she cared nothing.

KATHRYN KIDDER.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week as our representative actress the portrait of the beautiful and brilliant eighteen-year-old Kathryn Kidder, now playing in "Nordeck" with Frank Mayo. Competent judges declare that Miss Kidder is vastly better than Miss Anderson, the Paris *Figaro* going so far as to compare her to the great Rachel.

WHAT WILL PAPA SAY NOW?

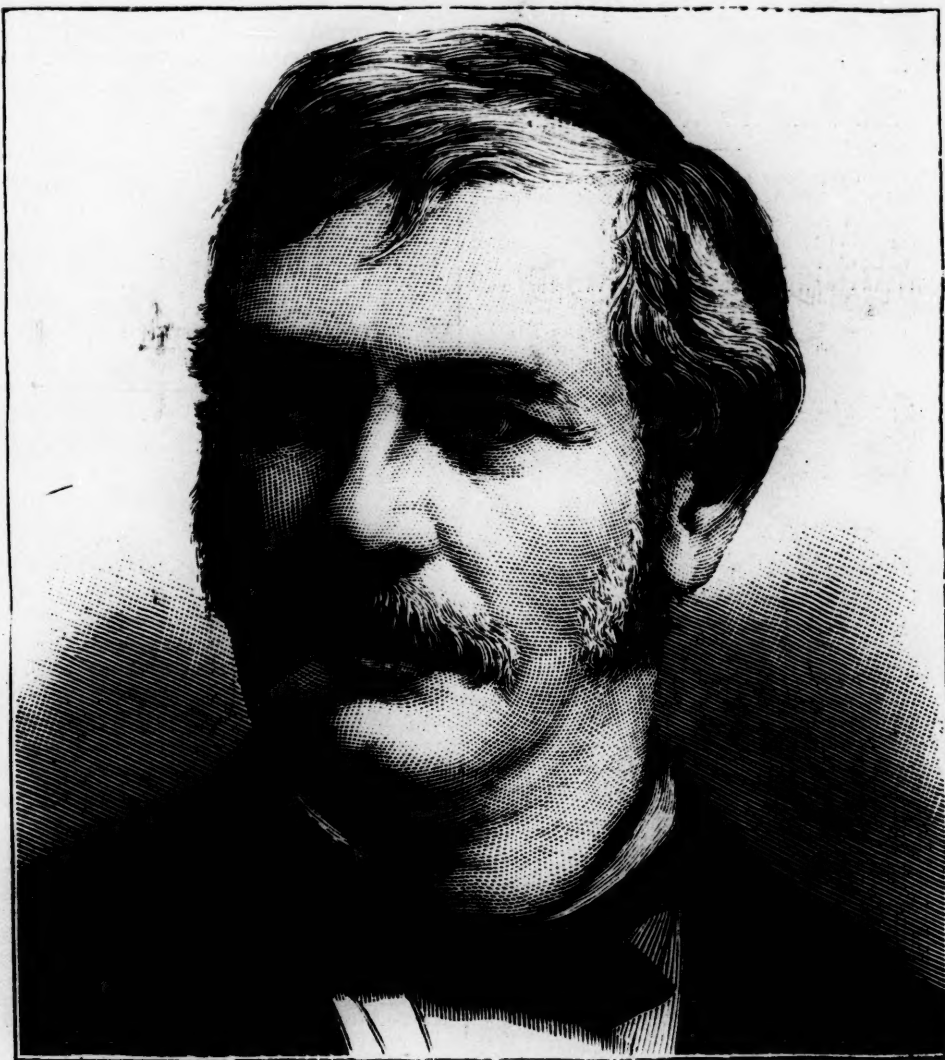
[Subject of Illustration.]

Our front page this week illustrates Victoria Morosini Schelling Huelkamp attiring herself for her first appearance in the chorus of the Casino, where she is to play next week for a stipend of \$20.

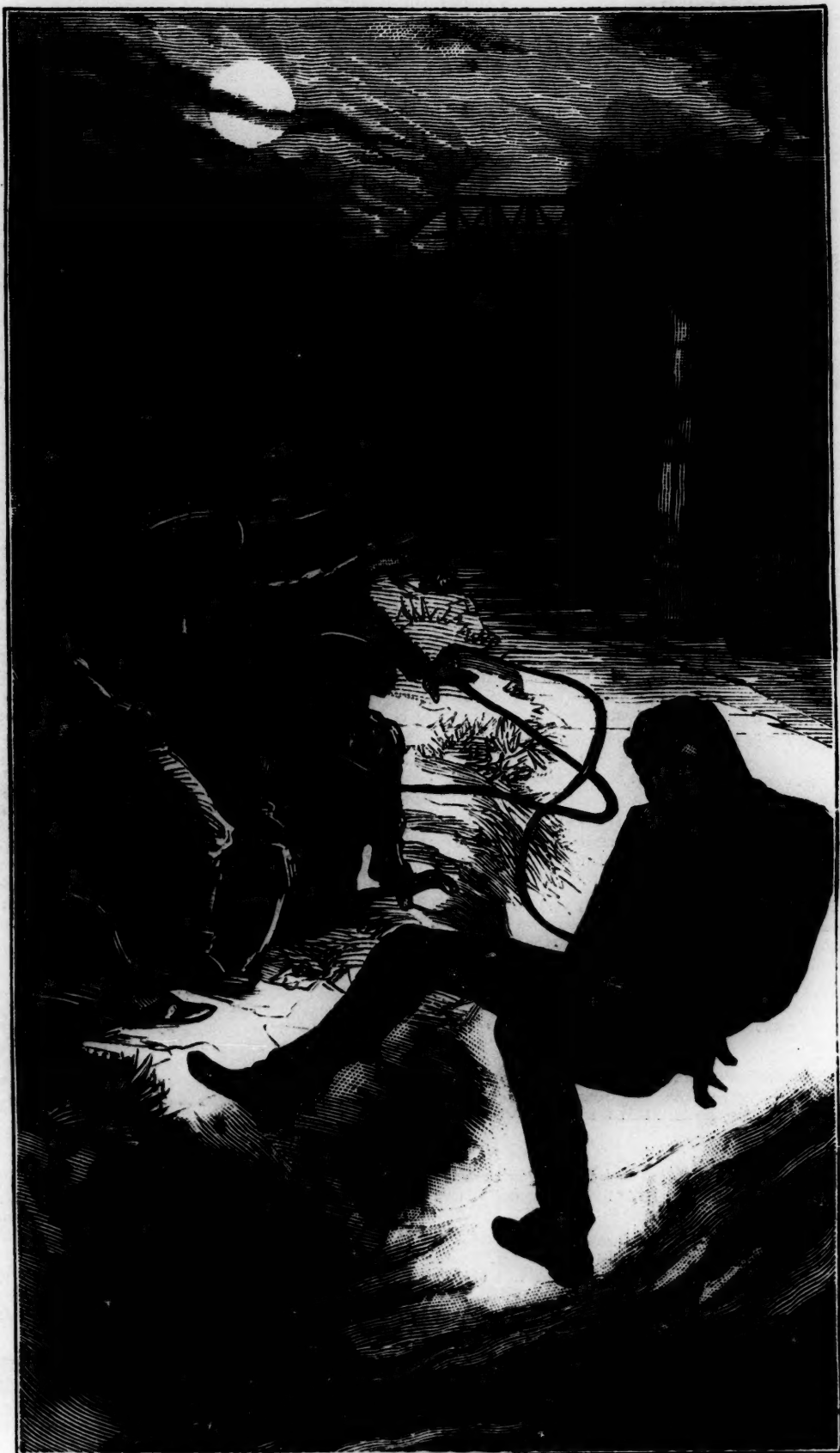
Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.



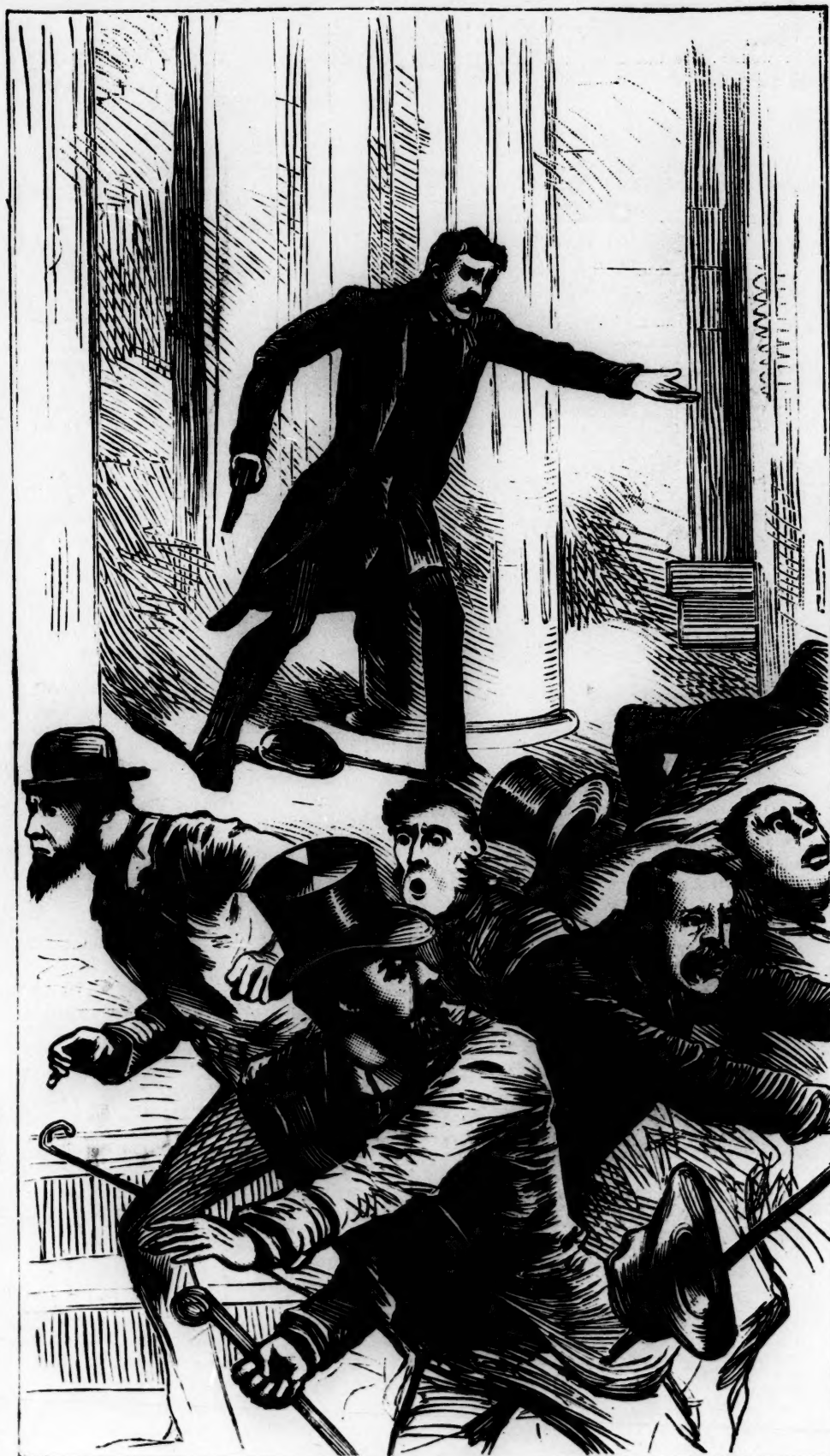
KATHRYN KIDDER,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND BRILLIANT GIRL ACTRESS WHO PROMISES TO BE THE AMERICAN RACHEL.
[Photo by Falk.]



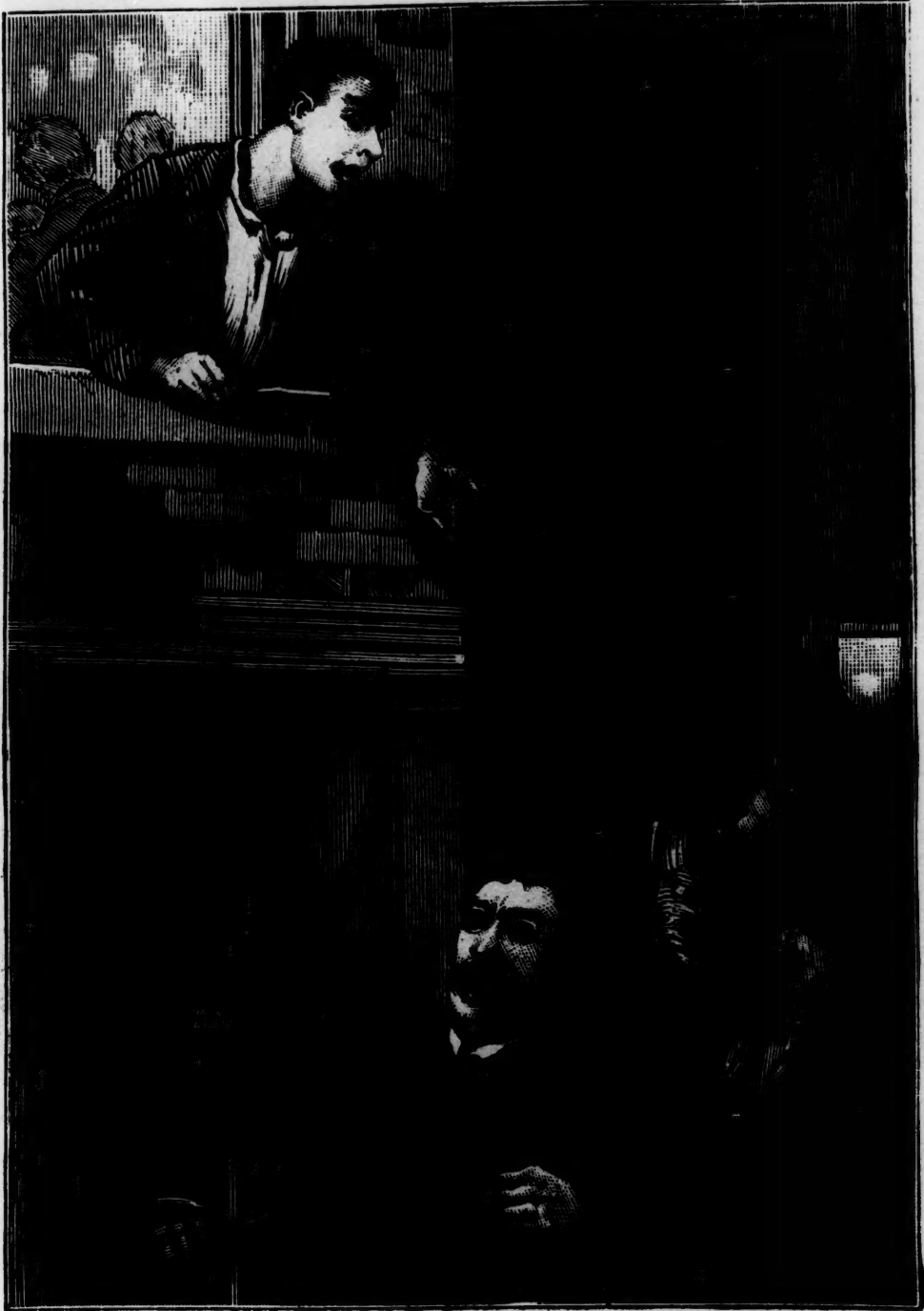
GEORGE WILKES,
THE FOUNDER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" AND OTHER JOURNALS, LATELY DECEASED.



DIPPING A SCAB.
THE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED BY HIS FELLOW WORKMEN ON A NON-UNION MAN AT EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO.



MOBBING AN EDITOR.
THE SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT OF MONTREAL MILITIA RESENTS A CHARGE OF COWARDICE.



"THE BAREFOOT BOY."

A NEW RACKET WORKED BY THE FESTIVE NEWSIES OF PITTSBURG, PA.



SHE SPOILED HIS HAT.

A MASHING DUDE COMES TO GRIEF IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.



A POLICE COURT LECTURE.

A CHICAGO JUSTICE DELIVERS A TOUCHING SERMON TO AN AUDIENCE OF STREET WALKERS.

HIS WICKED WORLD.

few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



A DOUBLE LIFE.

On our last page this week is published an effective picture illustrating the double life of millionaire Sanborn, of Boston, who, in his home in the suburbs, was a shining example of piety and in the city owned and conducted several brothels. In this column appears a good portrait of the strange character himself and also one of his principal mistresses, Mary Hilton, alias Annie Bickford, who played such an active part



in two lives also. The sensational story of their wicked career has already appeared throughout the country under startling headlines in the daily press.

"DEAR UNCLE."

Mr. Frederick Blohm, the wealthy produce merchant, of 22 Park place, New York, who resided at 200 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, until within the past week with his five children, has, after a rather checkered courtship, married his nephew's wife, Mr. Blohm, it will be recollected, figured with the lady who is now his bride, in a celebrated case a few years ago. He is the father of seven children, one of them a son-in-law of Mr. Isaac Bamber, being an ex-deacon of the Lee avenue Congregational Church, and another, a daughter, is the wife of a Mr. Tonjes, residing on Division avenue. His eldest unmarried daughter kept house for him and his four young sons since the death of her mother. Mr. Blohm, although advanced in years, looks young and dresses well. Five years ago or more he began to visit quite frequently the home of his nephew, Mr. Henry Snell, who keeps a grocery store at Second avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, and was entertained in their apartments by the handsome young wife. She called him "Dear Uncle Fred," and was at all times attentive to him. Mr. and Mrs. Snell and Uncle Fred went to Europe and came home together. The next year Mr. Blohm crossed the ocean and Mrs. Snell thought it would benefit her health to go too. They either departed together or met abroad, for they traveled and came home together.

As she was under the protection of "Dear Uncle Fred," the young husband was satisfied. Uncle Fred's visits later on became more frequent, and neighbors began to whisper that he was altogether too attentive to the young wife. The husband at last became a trifle jealous and to allay suspicion, Mr. Blohm called less frequently, and at the same time Mrs. Snell visited her mother in the Eastern District often. The husband learned that his wife used to meet Uncle Fred there and when remonstrated with, she promised not to see him any more. The clandestine meetings continued, however, at the residence of Mrs. Snell's mother. Mr. Snell was looking over things in his bedroom one day when he came across a bundle of letters, all of which were addressed to "Dear Dora" and signed by Uncle Fred. His eyes were opened. Meetings at the home of his mother-in-law were referred to by the writer and the trip to Europe appeared in a new light. He found that the friendship of the uncle was the cloak for the attention of a lover, and he had reason to believe that his handsome young wife returned the affection. A stormy scene between husband and wife followed the discovery, but it is understood that they became reconciled afterward and lived together. The patched

up truce was of brief duration. They separated, the lady going to reside with relatives. Mr. Snell sued Mr. Blohm for a large sum for alienating the affections of his wife, and the case was tried in one of the courts.

It was shown that the aged lover and his handsome niece met at the home of her mother, without protest from the old lady, who rather favored the wealthy uncle. A verdict of \$5,000 was given against the aged lover, and after some delay he paid the whole amount. It is understood, with the usual costs. The case then dropped and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Snell. It now appears that she went to Chicago after the trial, two years ago or less, and had not been seen or heard of until she reappeared in the Eastern District as Mr. Blohm's bride.

A week ago Mr. Blohm left for Chicago, and on Monday last his daughter Emma received a letter from him stating that he had married his niece. The children thereupon packed up the articles which belonged to their mother, and taking them with them went to live with Mrs. Tonjes, on Division avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Blohm reached home in a carriage, and the former cried when given the key. He had expected a different reception. He is now living in the house alone with his bride. He was married in Chicago. Mr. Snell never procured a divorce from his wife, and it is supposed that Mrs. Snell obtained one from him in Chicago. Mr. Blohm was a few years ago captain of the Eastern District Schutzen Corps.

MARRIED IN SPITE.

Justice William F. Rusch was waiting in his cosy office in Hoboken the other evening when his clerk ushered in a young woman. She was rather pretty, very vivacious, and when excited, talked very fast and a great deal.

She had the appearance of one perfectly capable of taking care of herself. She said she was Rosalia Meister, of No. 164 First street, and that she wanted to get married immediately.

The surprised justice looked for the other party in this proposed partnership through life, and not finding him in the room, mildly suggested that it would be quite necessary for her to bring her proposed husband there in order to have the ceremony proceed.

"He's all right. He's bashful, you know, and is waiting in the street. I'll call him in." Quick as a flash she flounced out of the room and in an instant later returned with a diminutive man with an enormous bald head. The little fellow was but just tall enough to reach her shoulder.

"Here he is," said she triumphantly; "his name is Oscar Gottlieb. He is a waiter and a dear good little fellow."

The justice gazed in astonishment at this curious couple and asked several questions. Ascertaining that there was no reason why they should not be married he tied the knot. The bride tossed him a silver dollar and then seizing her husband by the arm, hurried him to the street.

"There's a man on the corner whom I want to see," exclaimed the bride as soon as they reached the sidewalk, enjoining her husband to remain there till she returned. She approached a man who appeared surprised to see her, but who also seemed to know her very well. That was the last Oscar Gottlieb saw of his wife that night.

Next morning Mrs. Gottlieb, in a great hurry, entered the justice's court again. His Honor was much surprised to see the young bride again in such an excited state and was more surprised when she said:

"I want a divorce. Can you give me one now?" The dumfounded judge replied that he could not.

"What! Can't you make me single again?" she excitedly inquired, and her small hand clutched the arm of Judge Rusch tightly.

"I cannot, madam. You must go to a higher court for that purpose. Besides, it will take several months."

"Oh, dear, is that so? Well, I won't live with him, anyway," said she, and she left the court-room. Half an hour later the husband entered, and, with tears streaming down his face, asked the justice if he had seen his wife. His Honor replied that she had just left his office, and told the sobbing husband what she had wanted.

"That's it. I knew that was the trouble," he wailed. Then in a pitiful voice he told the justice that for six years his wife had lived with Valentine Krenkel, a manufacturer of meerschaum pipes at No. 164 First street. Gottlieb had always loved her. The day they were married she had come to him and asked him to marry her; she said that she and Valentine had quarrelled. Gottlieb joyfully responded that he would, and did so. He then related how she had left him while she went with Krenkel. She did not come back to him that night, but went to Krenkel's house.

He added further that she had informed him by a note that she would never live with him. The judge suggested that he visit her and if he could not persuade her to live with him to come to his office with her and sign a bill of separation.

An hour later husband and wife entered together and the paper was signed. The wife departed happy, while the little husband walked out dejectedly.

A PRIESTLY BARTENDER.

The name of the Rev. William Reichmayer is spoken only in whispers now in the Parish of St. Francis of Assisi, in Thirty-first street, near Seventh avenue. The church is in charge of the Order of Franciscan Fathers, to which until lately he was attached. It was his office to go among the people of the parish, doing outside work, while Father Cornelius Prator, the Pastor of the church, and Father Moritz, his assistant, confined themselves more closely to callers at the home of the Fathers, adjoining the church, and to general supervision of parish affairs. Father Reichmayer, or Father William, as he was better known, was young and an earnest worker. Every one who attended the church knew him and he was a universal favorite, his youth and good looks and his devotion to the work of the church endearing him to old and young alike. He was often taken for a boy by new parishioners who did not know that he had served the church for several years. His small, slender figure and his fresh and rosy skin made him appear at times not more than 20 years old. The senior priest held him in such esteem and confidence that he was frequently entrusted with the conduct of masses in the church. He often conducted funeral services at the request of the families bereaved.

Father William suddenly ceased to make visits in the parish early in summer. Inquiry for him disclosed nothing except that he had gone away. The other Fathers did not choose to say more, and as his place was soon taken curiosity died out apparently. Many of the parishioners supposed he had been transferred to another parish. The trustees and others who had a right to know the facts joined the Fathers in

suppressing all tendency to gossip about him. A few tongues have been loosened in regard to him quite lately, due to the discovery that Mrs. Adam Conrad, formerly a faithful attendant at the church, has not been seen there since Father William went away. There is not yet talk enough about it to have spread through the immediate neighborhood of the church, and the priests refuse to speak of it. One of the trustees admitted, however, that Father William had forfeited his priesthood and his right to the offices of the church by yielding to the charms of Mrs. Conrad, with whom he had been living for two months. The trustee could not say where the erring couple were.

A license to keep a lager beer saloon at the southwest corner of Rivington and Attorney streets was issued on Aug. 12 to Adam Conrad. The next day the sign of the kind of beer to be had within was swung over the door, and the neighbors saw that a bar about the size of a large office desk had been set against one of the walls, that several tables and chairs were ranged between the Attorney street and Rivington street doors, and that the floor glistened with white sand. There was nothing unusual in this appearance except the newness and neatness of it, on which account the saloon was for a while an object of attention and encouraging patronage. The name of the proprietor was not put over the door, but those who cared to inquire had no trouble in learning to whom the license had been issued, and it was generally taken for granted in the neighborhood that the smooth-shaven young man with brown eyes who presided at the bar was none other than Adam Conrad, the holder of the license. Mrs. Conrad seldom appeared at the saloon, but she was seen often enough for the neighbors to know that there was such a person and that two children called her mother. Adam Conrad was the name of the husband of the woman with whom Father William's name had been connected. Mr. Conrad kept a saloon last winter on Thirty-ninth street. His health failing, he gave up the saloon and moved to Twenty-eighth street, near Seventh avenue, where he died on May 10. Father William alone conducted the services, which were held at St. Francis' Church on May 12. After that it was noticed that he called frequently on the widow, who was buxom and still under forty, to tender consolations. It was hardly more than two months after Mr. Conrad's death when Father William failed one night to return to the home of the Fathers. The priests were not long in learning that the widow had also flown with her two children. They soon eliminated every other explanation of Father William's flight than that suggested by the movements of the widow, and then set themselves to forgetting Father William and preventing gossip.

SHE WORE THE TROUSERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Can I wash my baby's hands here, ma'am?" was the question a slightly-built gentleman with a feminine voice asked of Mrs. White, the attendant in the ladies' room of the Baltimore & Potomac depot at Washington, D. C.

The questioner was perhaps thirty years of age, and bore in his arms a nursing child. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit and wore a black derby hat. The clothing of the child gave evidence of a mother's care. The manner in which the baby was held was so feminine, and the whole air of the pair so peculiarly at variance with the cut of the elder one's clothes, that Mrs. White examined the questioner narrowly, while thoughts of Dr. Mary Walker rose up in her mind. Mrs. White hesitated a moment, and then asked:

"Are you a woman?" Not at all disturbed by the question, the other replied: "Yes, madam, I am."

Something of a sensation was created in the ladies' toilet-room when Mrs. White led in the pair.

There were several ladies present, and they looked askance at the individual in male attire. The latter, however, proceeded quietly to the wash-basin and laved her baby's little hands in a manner that ought not to have left any doubt as to her sex in the mind of a close observer. The ladies, however, were too much perturbed by the derby hat and dark unmentionables to observe anything else.

Finally a large English lady, bent on vindicating her right of privacy from male intrusion, walked up with fire in her eyes and a hollow smile on her lip and asked in an insulting voice:

"Is your wife travelling with you, sir?" There was silence for a moment, while the other ladies stood around and smiled approval on the champion of their rights. Then in a quiet voice the answer came:

"No, madam. I am the wife myself; my husband will meet us at Philadelphia."

At this a look of blank amazement spread over the faces of all the ladies present and they closed in on the curiously clad lady and plied her with questions.

She was a New York woman, she said, and her husband was a Southerner. They arrived here about two and a half years ago, the husband intending to go South. After remaining here some time she found that the climate was against her and was at present en route to Philadelphia, hoping that she would have better health there.

She had adopted her peculiar style of dress some years since, finding that it was much more convenient than the habiliments of her sex. She had three other neatly clad children ranging in age from six to nine years with her. They were found playing and munching cakes in the large waiting-room of the depot amid a number of boxes and parcels. They said they had lived in Georgetown for a long time and that their mother had always dressed as she was then.

CHARLES SHERIDAN.

[With Portrait.]

In a quarrel between four young men in the apartments of Mrs. Doxey at 131 North Portland avenue, Brooklyn, the other evening, Thomas Farrell, a brick layer, aged twenty-three years, was killed. Mrs. Doxey, as the police report, has been living at that place with Charles Sheridan, aged twenty-five, since his release a few months ago from the Kings County penitentiary, where he had served five years for burglary. Farrell, with two friends, Albert Emmons and Thomas Connor, called on Mrs. Doxey during Sheridan's absence and drank some beer. On his return, Sheridan became enraged at the presence of the visitors and ordered them to leave. Farrell and his friends refused to do so, and Sheridan, who was under the influence of liquor, attacked them. He succeeded in driving Emmons and Connor from the room, and then seizing Farrell, knocked him down and struggled with him on the floor. Farrell did not regain his feet,

and Sheridan, stepping over his prostrate body, went down stairs and walked away from the house in the direction of Myrtle avenue, leading a dog by a string.

Farrell was found on the floor speechless, and blood was pouring from his left side and shoulder. He lived half an hour. A stab wound in the left side is supposed to have pierced the heart. Emmons, Connor and Mrs. Doxey were arrested. Sheridan was found an hour afterward by Detective Price.

Farrell lived with his sister. He was soon to be married to Rose Bradley, eighteen years old. She went to see his body the next evening.

WON AND LOST \$5,000.

How J. A. Clercy Sold His Louisiana Lottery Ticket and the Purchasers Got \$5,000 for One Dollar.

"Five thousand dollars for an investment of one dollar is a fully good return, is it not?" asked a gentleman of a *New York* reporter.

"Well, rather," was the reply. "Who was so fortunate as to make a turn of that kind?"

"Mr. J. A. Clercy, of 1,008 Washington avenue, in this city," was the answer.

Armed with this piece of intelligence, the reporter sought Mr. Clercy. At his residence he was informed that Mr. Clercy was connected with the Morrisania Silk Manufacturing Co., and thither he proceeded.

"Is Mr. Clercy in?" was asked.

"He is, sir. I will call him."

A few moments later Mr. Clercy appeared. In answer to a question from the reporter he said:

"Yes, my name is J. A. Clercy, and I bought the one-fifth of ticket 26,820 in the September drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. I have bought a number of those tickets, but, never having drawn anything, I had come to look upon the whole scheme as a fraud."

"When did you first know that the ticket had drawn a prize?"

"I saw it published in *The Daily News* of September 9."

"Did you have any difficulty in collecting the money?"

"None in the world. I went to Adams' Express office in 42d st., and gave them the ticket for collection, they charging me one-half of one per cent. The lottery officers in New Orleans paid the prize in full."

"How long after was it before you received the money?"

"About eight days."

"Well, I suppose you feel pretty good over your investment?"

"No. I can't say that I do."

"I did get the money, and I didn't get it. You see, I told you that I believed the whole thing was a fraud. There were two young friends of mine, good fellows, who worked hard for a living, who offered to buy it from me, and I sold it to them, each one putting in fifty cents."

"And so they each get \$2,500 for fifty cents?"

"Yes, less the commission which was paid the express company for collection."

"I understand. When you took your ticket to the express office did they object to collecting it?"

"On the contrary, they told me that their collections of prizes drawn in the Louisiana Lottery averaged \$15,000 a month. This, as a matter of course, applies only to the Forty-second street office. What is done elsewhere is only a mere matter of conjecture on my part."

"Well, what do you think of the Louisiana Lottery now?"

"Naturally, I am convinced that it is an honestly conducted institution, and that they do precisely what they advertise to do. But luck has been against me even now."—*New York Daily News*, Sept. 26.

SPOILED HIS SILK HAT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

He was a dude of the most esthetic type. A high stiff hat and a bran new Prince Albert coat adorned his elegant form and a diamond that rivalled in brilliancy the great Koh-i-Noor, flashed from his manly breast. When he registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the reporters, who were standing around, at once decided that he was either the owner of immense gold mines in California or a defaulting bank cashier. Several attempts were made to interview him, but he peremptorily declined, and sought the seclusion of his room.

A short time afterward he was passing through the hallway, when he met a pretty chambermaid, to whom he began to make violent love. She resented his advances, but he continued to annoy her, and finally insisted in putting his arm around her waist. Finding that no ordinary measures would induce him to leave her, she drove his silk hat down over his eyes by a blow from the dusting brush which she carried in her hand. He started to expostulate, but the young lady continued to apply her brush so vigorously that he was forced to retreat into his room. The managers of the hotel were informed of the affair, and the young man was at once requested to give up his room and leave.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL HORSE-THIEF.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sarah McLain, fifteen years old, of Leroy, Mich., was brought to Lansing on a charge of horse-stealing. A week ago she was allowed to escape through the kindness of an officer, who was taking her to the Industrial Home for Girls in Adrian. On the next morning she went to a livery stable in Lansing in mail attire and hired a rig, but failing to return it, was traced to Howell and there arrested while in her boy's clothing in company with a married man. To the officers she related a story of orgies with a party of youths during the week she was missing. Two days of this time the party were at a well-known hotel in Lansing.

GEORGE WILKES.

[With Portrait.]

The *POLICE GAZETTE* first made its appearance in this city October 16, 1845. It was founded by Mr. George Wilkes, who passed away at his home in this city recently after suffering for some time of Bright's Disease. The *GAZETTE* of to-day is a far different paper from the one which was published under the old regime. The splendid illustrations and the excellent reading matter of present issue is a hundred years ahead of the old publication. This fact is very plain to our million readers.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



HORACE B. PHILLIPS,

the well-known manager, was born May 20, 1836, in Salem, O., but since he was three months old his residence has been in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. He began his ball-playing career in 1870 as catcher for the Girard Club, of Philadelphia, and during the following two seasons was left-fielder and change-catcher for the Zephyrs, another amateur organization of the same city. He played in a few games in 1873 with the Syracuse Stars, then the champion juniors of Western New York, catching for Dunn and McCormick. He then engaged in business pursuits until 1877, when he filled his first professional engagement as left fielder of the Philadelphia Club under the management of the veteran Fergy Malone. Soon succeeding Malone, Phillips made his debut as a manager, and he held that position with the Philadelphia until August, 1877, when he was engaged to manage and play in the outfield for the professional team of Hornellsville, N. Y. Mr. Phillips remained with the "Hornells" up to August, 1878, and had probably the best team that ever played together on such small salaries as were then paid. During the remainder of that year he managed the Syracuse Stars. In 1879 he undertook the management of the League club of Troy, N. Y., but he resigned in August of the same year. He then went to Baltimore, Md.; there, in connection with A. H. Henderson, he ran a club during the remainder of that season. The following winter found him playing in San Francisco, Cal. He returned eastward in April, 1880. Then he took the management of the Baltimore Club for a short time. From Baltimore he went to Rochester, N. Y. There he became the sole proprietor of a team used for advertising purposes by a patent medicine firm. This proved to be a bad financial failure, and his only one. In 1881, he returned to Philadelphia. There, in partnership with Charles Mason and William Sharitz, he completed the organization of the present Athletic Club, of that city. In this enterprise Mr. Phillips achieved a grand success. The club was made up entirely of home talent, and he cleared over six thousand dollars in a few months. He next joined forces with Mr. A. L. Reach in organizing the Philadelphia Club, having in the meantime expended considerable cash in working up the American Association, which he was largely instrumental in forming. However, Mr. Hulbert induced Mr. Reach to join the League Alliance. This compelled Mr. Phillips to accept a salary, instead of the more profitable partnership which he would have secured had the club joined the American Association. Mr. Phillips remained with Mr. Reach till July, 1882, when he joined the St. Louis Club, as their confidential agent. In September, 1882, he was sent to Columbus, Ohio, where he organized a club for the American Association—raising five thousand dollars for that purpose in four days. The Columbus Club, in 1883, under his shrewd management, made one of the greatest records of six months in the annals of baseball. Out of a possible one hundred and eighty-three days, he had games booked for one hundred and seventy-five. Of these, he played no less than one hundred and fifty-six games. Of the remaining dates, six were postponed for want of grounds being completed, and thirteen were prevented by rain. During 1884, Mr. Phillips managed the representative team of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and under his able direction the club made an enviable record. He has always enforced strict but just discipline. With each of the clubs he has managed the financial results have been entirely satisfactory. During the present season he is ably managing the Pittsburg Club, of the American Association.

Dunlap pulls the quiet little sum of \$3,350 out of Lucas for his services this season.

Baseball is becoming one of the most fashionable games in the country, and next year it will bud forth at Saratoga.

The bend in McLaughlin's elbow caused him to seek other employment, as the Trentons have no use for a walking distillery.

When Artie Latham gets started he reminds one of the calliope, as he shoots off his mouth in a hundred tones at the same time.

Farrar has been doing some very good work at first base this year for the Philadelphia, and in him Harry Wright has a valuable man.

It takes a good club to draw a good crowd, as the Boston people have discovered this season, their attendance being 30,000 less than last year.

Baseball is beginning to boom in New Mexico. In a recent game at Santa Fe \$1,500 changed hands on the result of the contest between the Santa Fe Club and the Albuquerque Browns.

It is feared that Dunlap is a crank of the first water. When praised he gets above his business, and when criticised he becomes as sulky as a mule.

Big "Kill" is in bad odor in Philadelphia. He also seems to be on the wrong side of the fence in Baltimore and New York. Can it be that he is losing his grip as an umpire.

The Southern people stuck to baseball this season with greater tenacity than any one supposed they would do. Even before this season has closed they are making their arrangements for next year's teams.

It is feared that Jim Manning's services are not appreciated in Detroit. Jim thought it was a good thing for him to get out of Boston, but the Detroit people think it would be a good thing for them if Jim would get out of Detroit.

We have the greatest respect in the world for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and for the veracity of their baseball editor, but when he tries to palm Jim White off for eighteen we must say that Jim's appearance belies the statement.

Umpire Sullivan had a man slung off the grounds in St. Louis for booting at his decisions. Instead of having a good effect it set the whole crowd perfectly crazy, and Sullivan had a tough time of it during the rest of the game.

When Davy Force made a three-bagger in Buffalo recently, the heaviest hit he has made in several years, the town and church bells pealed forth the joyful news in ringing tones. It was a great day in Buffalo.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

There was great hilarity in Newburyport when their representative club returned home, after having defeated the Lawrence Club. The citizens met them at the train and gave them a regular torchlight procession, and wound up with a big feed.

The St. Louis papers have tumbled to Glasscock's trickery on the ball field, just as the Chicago people have soured on the trickery of the famous Chicago Club, and the St. Louis press, like the Chicago public, want to see the game won on its merits or not at all.

"The Largest-Hit-Seen-on-these-Grounds, The-Finest-Catch-of-the-Year, The-Wretched-Batting-of-the-Home-Club, The-Dense-Ignorance-of-the-Umpire and The-Ruffianism-of-the-Visitors" will all shortly be laid away in camphor for use early next spring.—*Philadelphia Evening Call*.

What on earth was Detroit's idea in buying the franchise of the Buffalo Club? Certainly not to run a League club in Buffalo next year. Could it have been a scheme to secure such men as Brighthouse, Rowe and Richardson, then sell the franchise to Cincinnati or some other aspirant to the League ranks.

The Chattanooga Club have an excellent pitcher in Ramsay, but he is too rich for their blood, as they don't know how to support him. It is too bad that such clubs as this should have the protection of the National Agreement, and men of this sort, who ought to be in first-class clubs, have their talent rolled up in a napkin and buried.

Pittsburg paid a big price for Galvin's release, and are paying him a big price for his services, and just about the time they thought he would be of use to them he dislocated his elbow. From general appearances it looks as though the management wished it had been his neck, as Galvin still draws his modest salary.

The Buffalo Club are now talking about remaining in the League another year. This is sad news for the baseball public, as it had been hoped that such clubs as Buffalo, Detroit and Providence would show their good common sense by quietly withdrawing from the arena for the benefit of the game. They are not doing themselves any good by remaining in, and they are only keeping out other good cities, as well as being an eyesore to the general public.

Was Radbourn really suspended for indifferent play, or was he suspended to reduce the salary list of the Providence Club? It looks to us as though they had no further use for him after their failure to get away with the New Yorks, as we are under the impression they have no desire to defeat the Chicago Club, especially as the only serious charge which can be brought against Radbourn is the boast he made in New York that he would beat the Chicago in every game he pitched against them.

Fred. Lewis acknowledges that he made a perfect ass of himself when he cut up his shine in St. Louis, which resulted in his being expelled from the club, and as everybody else was of the same opinion, there were no angry disputes upon the subject. Fred. has been reinstated again and he seems perfectly satisfied to play ball, instead of wasting his time tossing Dunlap over the fence. Dunlap is also satisfied, as he has great confidence in his ability to climb over the fence when he wants to get on the other side.

Tony Mullane has about the biggest picnic of any baseball player on the face of the globe, as he gets a salary of \$3,200 a year for sitting in the grand stand at Cincinnati and chatting with his friends. He pulled in \$2,000 of this boodle last winter and lived like a prince, while all the other ball players in the country were on their uppers and eating snow balls. He went through with the \$2,000 by spring, and he gets the \$1,200 now as pin money, to keep him over until he can be of service to the club in exhibition games during the month of October.

Poor McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has had such bitter experience in his baseball investments that he is now one of the few men who does not believe that "there's millions in it." It is costing him in the neighborhood of \$5,000 a year for the old Cincinnati grounds, which are lying idle for want of a professional club. He can easily get the club, but the club without the franchise in either the League or American Association, would be a greater white elephant on his hands than the old grounds are. McLean is stuck without a shadow of doubt, as he has got to pay rental of \$5,000 for the grounds for five years yet to come, and unless he can buy the Buffalo or Detroit franchise, and start a League club, he is going to smart severely for his rash venture in the baseball arena.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The fight for the championship of the National League this season has been a bitter one between the New York and Chicago clubs. The Chicago are still two games ahead of the New Yorks, and they each have only eight games yet to play. Four of these are with each other, and as for the other four each the New

Yorks encounter the St. Louis Maroons and the Chicago face the Philadelphia. Harry Wright recently wrote to Manager Mutrie to keep up heart, as the Philadelphia would, without doubt, win at least two games from the Chicago. If Harry and his boys are as good as they think they are the New Yorks will drag the pennant back to this town. The New Yorks feel utterly unconcerned about the matter, and say they will defeat the Chicago with absolute ease. The boys have told Manager Mutrie not to worry about the matter, assuring him that they would surely win; as they do not regard the Chicago a hard club to defeat by any means. These last four games between the Chicago and New Yorks brought to the City of Chicago the largest crowds of people that were ever known to go so far from home to witness games of baseball. The following table shows the season's work up to and including Sept. 26, viz.:

CLUBS.	Boston.	Buffalo.	Chicago.	Detroit.	New York.	Philadelphia.	Providence.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston.....	6	3	6	3	7	9	8	41	
Buffalo.....	6	0	11	1	3	12	3	33	
Chicago.....	14	16	1	15	4	10	11	14	33
Detroit.....	6	5	1	7	2	9	3	34	
New York.....	13	15	9	13	11	12	9	81	
Philadelphia.....	9	11	9	9	5	11	8	6	50
Providence.....	7	9	4	9	4	7	8	49	
St. Louis.....	4	2	4	4	3	6	8	35	
Games lost.....	63	66	21	66	23	53	53	66	411

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The St. Louis Browns did up the American Association clubs this season in great shape. They just deliberately sewed up the Mets in a bag and dropped them overboard, after robbing them of the championship pennant. In the early spring every club in the American Association imagined they were strong, but it did not take long for the St. Louis Club to show the rest of the boys that they could not play ball even a little bit. They had the pennant in their pocket before the season was half over, and have been spending the rest of the summer at the watering-places. The Cincinnati are a good second, and they will say there. Outside of the St. Louis Club, there is no other club in the Association which has any license to run away with the Cincinnati. The dusky crowd from Pittsburg have laid in their claims for third place, and they will get it beyond a doubt. The tug of war, in this race, is for fourth place—between the Athletic, Louisville and Brooklyn clubs. The chances, if anything, are slightly in favor of the Athletics, of Philadelphia, who are a tie with the Louisvilles in games won and have an advantage of one game in games lost. The following is the result up to and including Sept. 26, viz.:

CLUBS.	Athletic.	Baltimore.	Brooklyn.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	Metropolitan.	Pittsburg.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Athletic.....	10	4	7	8	11	7	7	31	
Baltimore.....	11	9	7	4	10	7	6	39	
Brooklyn.....	11	9	7	4	10	7	6	50	
Cincinnati.....	9	10	8	8	10	9	6	62	
Louisville.....	3	7	6	8	11	9	6	51	
Metropolitan.....	5	6	8	4	7	10	7	41	
Pittsburg.....	5	10	10	7	10	9	11	55	
St. Louis.....	12	14	12	10	9	11	10	73	
Games lost.....	56	66	57	46	57	63	52	427	

Fogarty, the celebrated glass breaker, has put the Philadelphia Club to the expense of from \$500 to \$800 during the past season for the glass he has broken in Ridge avenue by hitting long line balls over the right field fence. Recently he wasn't satisfied with simply shattering the show window which cost over \$100 itself, but he had to smash up the chandeliers and gas fixtures, which ran up the expenses from \$25 to \$30 more. He doesn't do like other men, just hit a pane of glass and let it go, but he is sure to land the ball in the center of the sash and carry away the whole business. The workmen had scarcely finished putting in a \$100 window when Fogarty drove another ball over the fence to see how they were getting along. It hit the center of the pane, and Harry Wright went down into his clothes for another \$100. Harry thinks his ball-players are a nice lot of fellows, but some of them are awfully extravagant.

BILLY BRADBURN.

[With Portrait.]

Billy Bradburn was born at Pittsburg, Pa., April 15, 1861, of Irish and Scotch parents, stands 5 feet 9½ inches; his weight, in condition, is about 175 pounds. He defeated Pat Carroll at town of Lake, 1894. Knocked out Jack Driscoll, who weighed 220 pounds, in 1 minute 30 seconds. Fought a draw with John Brennock, police interfering, town of Lake, July, 1894. Fought Paisey Cardiff in August, and though fighting with one hand it took four rounds to knock him out. Knocked out Bill O'Hara in 3 minutes 15 seconds. Defeated James Connolly twice. Defeated Paddy Norton. Defeated James McClarney in 1 minute. Fought a draw with Frank Glover.

HOSE CO. NO. 4.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a picture representing Hose Company No. 4, of Goshen, Ind. They have held the champion belt of their State for three years and are still possessors of it. They have competed for prizes at tournaments held in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and have always been winners; in fact they have never lost a race and have at different times defeated the best Ohio and Michigan teams. At Niles, Mich., in September, 1893, this company ran with their hose cart forty rods in 25 seconds. Recently at a tournament held in Goshen they ran forty rods, laid 150 feet of hose, attached hose to hydrant, broke coupling 100 feet from hydrant and put on pipe in 34½ seconds. John Snobarger is their foreman and manager.

JOSEPH FLYNN.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Mr. Joseph Flynn, of Philadelphia, who swam Capt. J. D. Rhodes, of Buffalo, N. Y., at Atlantic City, on August 6, 1895, also defeated W. Graham, of Philadelphia, on July 25, 1894, on the Schuylkill river, 1 mile and return, and is now open for all professional swimmers. Height, 5 feet 9 inches, weight, 153 pounds.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

A BRISK FIGHT

Between Dave Campbell and Jack Reilly, in Washington Territory.

The following are the full particulars of the great fistie battle in Washington Territory between Dave Campbell and Jack Reilly for \$1,000 and the championship of Oregon Territory. The steamboats Sea Side, Salem, Lucy Mason carried large crowds to Knapp's Landing, Clark county (122 miles from Portland, Oreg.), W. T., on Sept. 13. Sheriff Clough, with a posse in the meantime, had engaged the steamer Gov. Newton and followed the pugilistic flotilla with the intention of stopping the mill.

About 1,000 persons were present, and arrangements were being made to erect a ring when, to the huge disgust and chagrin of the crowd, the sheriff informed them that the fight could not go on. He said he could not help taking this official action, and must perform his duty. Notwithstanding there was a great deal of good-humored complaint, the sheriff acted in a very gentlemanly manner, but firmly declined to permit the fight to take place within the limits of Clark county. No other alternative was left but for the boats to turn their prows down stream to some point further toward Kalama. At a few minutes after 5 o'clock, the steamboats pushed off and steamed about 8 or 10 miles further down stream.

A landing was made a short distance below St. Helens, opposite Columbia City, on the Washington Territory side and in Cowlitz county.

At 9:31 time was called and both men toed the scratch.

ROUND 1—As usual, both men cautious, looking for an opportunity, Campbell very confident, Reilly timid and on the defensive, with a close, awkward and unattractive attitude. Without an apparent effort Campbell knocked Reilly half down with a left-hander on the neck, and on Reilly regaining his feet, Campbell knocked him flat with another left-hander on the chest bone. First knock-down for Campbell.

ROUND 2—Campbell, more confident and active, meeting Reilly beyond his mark, approached him, and with a severe neck blow sent Reilly to grass after receiving two slight body blows, which barely left a color on his white skin.

ROUND 3—Campbell walked boldly and quickly to Reilly and planted a terrific blow with his left on Reilly's mouth, knocking him squarely down and getting first blood, which flowed copiously from mouth and nose. From this round on Reilly was clearly whipped, and his being knocked out or throwing up the sponge was only a matter of time.

ROUND 4—Campbell approached still nearer to Reilly's corner. Reilly making no effort to defend himself or punish his adversary. Campbell launched out with his right, planting another terrific blow under the left ear, sending him against the ropes and dazing him. Reilly was picked up by his seconds, and considerable assistance was required for him to reach his chair.

ROUND 5—A repetition of the fourth, Campbell sending Reilly violently against the ropes and drawing blood from above the left eye.

ROUND 6—Very much the same. Campbell came up with a cheerful, innocent sort of a smile, waltzing around and saying to Reilly in a coaxing way, "Come up to the scratch, come up, what are you afraid of?" Reilly retreated to within four feet of his chair when Campbell gave him another of the terrible left-handers on the jugular, knocking him nearly into his chair.

ROUND 7—Reilly freshened up a little and looked as if he intended to do something, and with the only pretty sparring in the fight tapped Campbell on the chest, when that left hand came out again, as usual reaching over Reilly's guard, which was sadly defective all through, landing a blow on the neck. This was the only blow which Campbell dealt that did not knock Reilly down. But before Reilly could counter, that left was into Reilly's mouth and he went down heavily, with blood streaming from his face. This was the only round that lasted over 30 seconds. So quick were the rounds ended, that the timekeepers had their hands full to catch the 30 seconds between rounds, and it was impossible to get the duration of each.

ROUND 8—Very short. Campbell attacked Reilly's neck and knocking him 6 feet or more under the ropes. Reilly's seconds now urged him to go in and fight, and Reilly by a nod—he was barely able to speak—signified obedience.

ROUND 9—Reilly seemed again to freshen up and for the first time during the fight overstepped the center. This made Campbell a little more cautious in looking for an opening. Reilly made a feeble rush, but was met in a few seconds by that left catapault directly on the nose, sending him half-way across the ring, the blood gushing.

ROUND 10—Campbell walked quickly to Reilly and knocked him down with the familiar left-hander on the nose, Reilly falling like a log near his chair.

ROUND 11—An exact repetition of the tenth, that left hand swinging around like an elephant's trunk. Reilly very groggy.

ROUND 12—Campbell walked across to Reilly's corner, plugging him on the nose, and walked back to his seat, Reilly offering no more resistance than a wind bag; time, less than 30 seconds.

ROUND 13—Reilly was dazed, and upon repeated calls from his seconds to go in, tried to meet a most terrific blow on the jugular, which sent him at least twelve feet, Campbell half falling from the force of the recoil.

Fourteenth and last round—Reilly came up groggy, and for a few seconds worked Campbell to the left of the center and very near to the ropes, when Campbell, seeing his danger, swung around with a terrific right-hander on the left jugular, knocking Reilly several feet, clear off the ground, his victim falling like a bag of sand dropped from a considerable altitude, and lying unconscious. He was picked up and carried to his corner, but could not respond when time was called, being absolutely insensible. Campbell came to the center. Reilly's seconds throwing up the sponge. A crowd of Campbell's admirers rushed into the ring, picked him up and carried him around on their shoulders amid tremendous cheering. After the excitement had partly subsided, Campbell, still in the ring, offered to fight Lawrence Sullivan then and there for \$500, which Sullivan did not accept.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

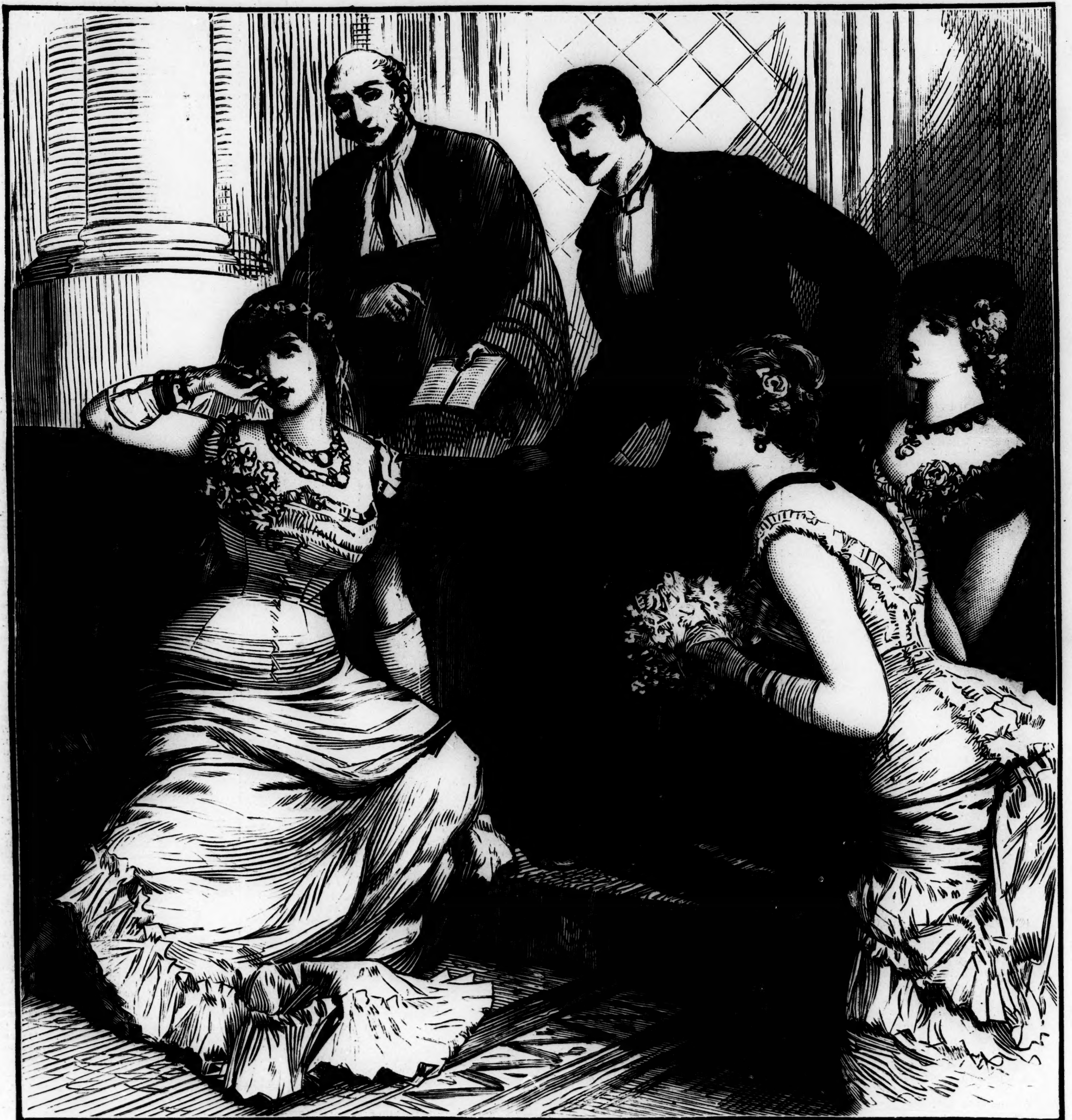
VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

Dr. P. P. GILMAN, N. Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."



A NEAT TRICK.

HOW A WALL STREET MAN PROTECTED HIMSELF FROM TALKATIVE BORES.



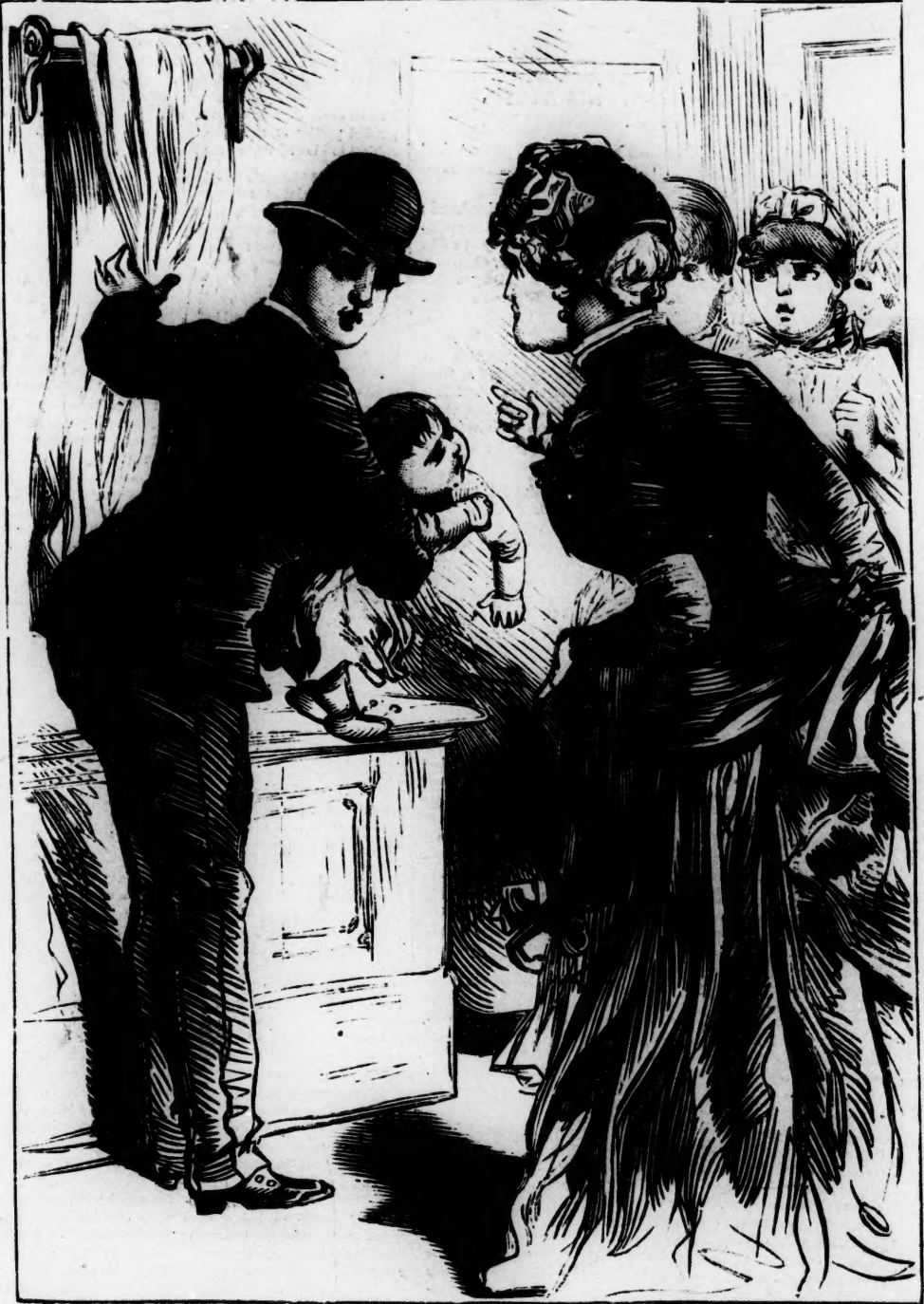
A BRIDE'S SUICIDE.

THE SAD AND UNTIMELY DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY AT DECORAH, IOWA.



SHE BEGAN EARLY.

A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL OF LEROY, MICHIGAN, STEALS A HORSE AND BUGGY.



SHE WORE THE TROUSERS.

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN THE LADIES WAITING ROOM OF A WASHINGTON, D. C., DEPOT.



A SMALL-POX RIOT.

THE FRENCH RESIDENTS OF MONTREAL HAVE A NICE LITTLE SHINDIG OF THEIR OWN.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Tom Houlihan, the Hartford pugilist, was arrested at Hartford on Sept. 28 for being concerned in a glove contest at Springfield, Mass., in June, 1885.

Jack Burke, the champion pugilist of England; Chandler, the middle weight champion of Illinois, and Otto C. Floto, manager of the Burke Athletic Combination, are in San Francisco. The combination includes, besides Burke, Chandler, of Chicago, McCarney, Smith, Moran, McCoy and Dwyer, and their performances comprise a series of set-toes between different members of the combination.

Jimmy Burns, of Rochester, N. Y., pugilist, who was arrested on May 14 for knocking out George Tremaine, Jim McHugh and Tom Gale, who attacked him on the Bowery, has been liberated after three months' confinement. It was expected Tremaine's injuries would prove fatal, as Burns fractured his skull and broke his right jaw, but he recovered. Burns is matched to box Jack Ashton, of Providence, to a finish with hard gloves for \$250, Queensbury rules, on the 29th inst.

The "Daily News," Sept. 23, published the following: "Richard K. Fox received the following communication from New Orleans yesterday: 'Knowing the interest you take in sporting matters, we wish to make the following proposition: We have a man called Irish Tom, twenty-seven years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height and 165 pounds in weight, whom we will back against either John L. Sullivan or Paddy Ryan for \$2,500 and the champion ship.' W. A. Moulton, C. J. Colton, Cotton factors, New Orleans, La."

Dominick McCaffrey says: "If Paddy Ryan means business let him either cover my \$250 which I have posted, or else post a forfeit for me to cover. I would readily cover any amount he chooses to put up. I see Ryan says something about having but ten men on each side present. That is all nonsense. What is the use of fighting in private when we can do so in public without being troubled? We can find plenty of places to fight to a finish without being prevented, and we can both make money in the fight and have it on its merits, too. It is a sign that he don't want to fight when he talks of having it in a room or in private. I would fight him in a room if he would put up a stake large enough to make it worth while—say \$5,000 or \$2,500 a side."

At Shady View Park, Dallas, Texas, on Sept. 13, there was a bare glove fight to a finish for \$500 a side and the championship of Texas, between Lomax McGrover, known as the "St. Joe Kid," formerly of Denver, but now of Fort Worth, Texas, and William Black, alias Ross, alias McGraw, late of San Francisco. The fight lasted 20 minutes and was hotly contested, the Kid being twice knocked down in the second round, but won the fight in the fifth by knocking Black out and landing him beyond the ropes. The Kid weighed 157 pounds and Black 150. Both were in good shape and made a game fight. Fully \$1,000 in bets changed hands on the result, the losers giving up their money without a protest. The fight was plainly on the square. No disturbance occurred among the crowd. Black was badly punished.

Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, who represent Dan Donnelly and Cooper in their historic prize-ring encounter, while playing in Dublin visited Donnelly's grave. On the day following they inclosed \$5 with the following letter to *The Dublin Sporting Times*: "We are American born, but Irish in heart. Having the good fortune of visiting the land of our parents, we went in search of Dan Donnelly's grave, which was shown to us by an ancient citizen. Judge of our disappointment when we stood on the verge of his grave. There wasn't even a pebble to mark the spot where lies the champion pugilist of modern times. Will you kindly acknowledge the sum of one pound, and set the good work moving to have a decent headstone placed over an Irishman of undiluted courage and dauntless bravery?"

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—I notice in a recent issue of your paper a challenge purporting to come from me. In regard to it, I will say I never challenged P. C. McDonald, neither do I intend to. He is too good a man for me to compete with, and as far as the middle-weight championship of Texas is concerned, I don't claim it in any locality. I had five engagements in Texas, winning them all but one, which I have opened a sporting house in this place and have named it "Police Gazette's" shades. Am in training now to fight Billy Morgan, bare knuckles, in Washington Territory. Yours respectfully, GEO. A. EDWARDS.

At Harrisburg, Pa., Sullivan in an interview said: "Paddy Ryan and Dominick McCaffrey are trying to make the public believe they can fight, but neither of them amount to anything and would not be heard of if the newspapers would stop puffing them. McCaffrey never stood up and fought me one round. He proved himself a bigger cur than Robinson of San Francisco. I thought McCaffrey had fallen in love with me; he begged me so I couldn't get a foot away from him. I'd like to give 'em one with me right. He wouldn't want to make much newspaper talk. Why, them 'ducks' want to hippodrome with me. They want to fight with pillows on their 'ducks' and want me to not hit 'em hard. They get up before me and commence dancin' 'round the stage. If any of 'em want to make a fight with me I will take Ryan, McCaffrey and Burke into a room with ten spectators, tickets to be \$100 apiece, and will fight 'em one after the other, and if I don't do 'em all I'll give 'em all the receipts."

On Sept. 23 Richard K. Fox received a letter from John Knifton the eighty-one tonner, who claims to be the champion pugilist of England. Knifton wants Mr. Fox to send passage money to England for him to come to America, agreeing on his arrival to meet Sullivan, Mitchell, Burke or any man in America Mr. Fox desires to match him against. Knifton is over six feet in height and weighs two hundred and sixteen pounds. He has figured in numerous contests. For some time past he has been trying to arrange a match with any man in England without success, all of the English pugilists fighting shy of him. Mr. Fox has not yet decided whether he will send for him. Should he do so it will not be to pit him against Sullivan, who Mr. Fox considers is the greatest pugilist of modern times and able to defeat any pugilist in the world. Knifton is thirty years of age, stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height, and weighs over 230 pounds. It is owing to his great muscular proportions that he has been styled the 81-tonner. His dimensions are as follows: height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 230 pounds; chest measurement, 47½ inches; biceps, 17½ inches; calf, 18½ inches; waist, 38 inches; age, 30. This boxer held a high reputation in England, where for years past he has been trying without success to get on a match. Knifton's last battle was with Wolf Bendorff, for \$1,000 and the championship of England. It was fought on Oct. 24, 1884, and Knifton won.

Jack Hanley, the well-known pugilist, who fought Jim Felt, of Rich Hill, Mo., now of Toronto, in May, 1883, still lies in Omaha where he was sentenced for three years for engaging in the battle with Felt. Efforts have been made to procure a pardon for Hanley. Recently N. J. Burnham called upon Gov. Dawes of Nebraska to lay before him the facts relative to Hanley's pardon. Quite a number of Hanley's friends started a subscription paper several weeks ago to pay for circulating a petition among the influential men of this city and the officers of the court convicting him. About \$140 was raised by this means and the petition placed in the hands of a proper person to secure signatures. Only a few of the most prominent men in the city were requested to sign it and they placed their names upon the paper without hesitation. W. M. Marshall, Esq., the district attorney of Fremont, who prosecuted Hanley for the State, and Hon. A. M. Post the judge of the court sentencing him, were asked to lend their aid by signing the petition and both refused. They, however, agreed to do so on condition that Felt should be apprehended by Hanley's friends and delivered over to the Saunders County authorities at their expense for prosecution. The petition accordingly was presented without their signatures to the governor, who stated that to smite it to any consideration the names of Judge Post and District Attorney Marshall must be attached. Several letters from leading men in Nebraska accompanied the petition. After his consultation with the governor, Mr. Burnham and several of Hanley's friends went out to the penitentiary to see their favorite. The condition of affairs was laid before him and the hope of freedom held out to

Hanley by the apprehension of his old antagonist. "I would rather," said the doughty pugilist, "lose my right arm at the elbow than to cause Felt's incarceration. I will not purchase my liberty by the imprisonment of my fellow being. If that is the only way I can breathe outside these prison walls I remain where I am." Hanley was persistent in his position and all efforts to secure his release will probably be dropped. He has thirteen months yet to serve and it now seems probable that he will elapse before he will again be a free man. It is proposed to place the unexpected portion of the \$140, about \$60, in some bank of Lincoln subject to his order after his liberation.

A desperate fistie encounter was decided at Batchelder's Island, Cal., recently, between Billy Morgan and George A. Edwards for \$100 and gate money. The pugilists and their followers were carried to the battle ground by the tugboat Portland and the large State of Oregon. On the arrival of the party at Willow's bar at the head of Batchelder's Island at 6:40, the preliminaries were speedily arranged and the men entered the ring at 7:35. The affair was to be conducted under the new London prize ring rules, and Capt. Thomas Powers was selected as referee. Morgan was seconded by Frank Silva and Frank Reed, while Edwards was consigned to the care of Jim Petty and Mark Dee. Both men were cheerful, and though exhibiting a good-natured animosity, it was evident that the fight was for blood. Time was called at 14 minutes to eight o'clock. The first round was very short; a few severe body blows were given and Edwards closed it with a blow to Morgan's eye and another behind the ear that caused his optic to swell considerably and discolor, and to split his left auricular appendage, causing the blood to flow freely. In the third round the men closed and Edwards fought his adversary into a corner, where they fell. Morgan was struck twice while on the grass, but the referee did not see it clearly, and refused to allow a foul. The fourth round was very short and ended with a clinch and in-fighting, Edwards being downed with Morgan on top. In the fifth round the men sprang nimbly from their corners, and the way they proceeded to business was a guarantee of the genuineness of the match. Heavy blows were showered about the neck, breast and sides, but a clinch followed and the men fell, with the East Portland man under. Edwards, in his excitement, struck Morgan two light blows while they were down, and the referee deciding that a foul had been committed, gave the match to Morgan. The fight, which lasted but 5 minutes, was evidently in Edwards' favor. He was hardly injured at all, but his opponent showed some ugly bruises. The decision was a just one, however, and gave general satisfaction.

Sporting circles on both sides of the Fish Pond are agitated over the prospects of an international prize ring encounter being arranged between Jack Dempsey, the 140-pound champion of America, who has fought nearly twenty encounters and never had to lower his colors to an opponent, and Jimmy Carney, of Birmingham, London prize ring rules, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Carney has notified Richard K. Fox that "he is about to come to America to meet the American champion according to the conditions of his challenge." Regarding the proposed important match, *The Empire*, England, says:

"There appears to be little doubt that the exercise of fistiana in America is more profitable than public-house keeping in England. The gentlemen who luxuriate in the title of light-weight champion of England have recently had an offer to fight the corresponding champion of America for no less a stake than \$2,500 a side. The Englishman, who is known to pugilistic circles as Jim Carney, recently took a public and made for making money, but the challenge afforded caused him to 'sell out,' and he is now journeying to Brother Jonathan's territory to fight the great battle. Evidently, there is more cash to be earned by 'milling' encounters over there than in drawing pints of 'four ale' and serving 'smalls' of Irish and Scotch in this country."

At the time Dempsey's backer issued the challenge, Dempsey's fighting weight was 133 pounds. Since, he has gained in avoirdupois and he could not enter the "magic circle" in condition, less than 145 pounds. Owing to this fact there may be a hitch in arranging the preliminaries, if Carney insists on fighting at weight, but if he agrees to meet Dempsey at catch weight there will be no hitch on this point. We have not been informed in regard to whether Carney's backer will accompany him. If he comes without a backer there may be a hitch in the proposed meeting between these two great stars of the prize ring, without some one volunteers to find the sinews of war for the English champion. Dempsey can be backed for twice the sum he throws down the gauntlet to contend for, and there will be no failure on his part or obstacle to prevent the match being ratified. It is generally supposed that Carney will be accompanied by the sporting man who backed him against Jacobs, and if such is the case there will be every probability of the great match being ratified. Carney has made his name famous since he entered the arena to follow the failures, fortunes, defeats and victories of a pugilist. About three years ago he visited this country and returned to meet Jimmy Highland in an encounter for \$1,000 and the championship. Carney won and the battle ended in the death of Highland. Carney was tried for manslaughter but through the assistance of medical witnesses he escaped with a fine and six months' imprisonment. Since then he fought like Jacobs for the championship and won. If he is matched with Dempsey the contest will cause widespread interest on both sides of the Atlantic and large sums will be wagered on the result. Dempsey would be the prime favorite and his backers would stand a first-class chance of winning.

Colorado has been the scene of another great fistie encounter. On Sept. 14 the contest between Jim Jones, of Nevada, and George Clow, of Denver, Col., took place at Hallam lakes. At 15 minutes to 3 o'clock George Clow made his appearance and stepped through the ropes into the ring and took his seat. He was followed a few minutes later by Jim Jones, who seated himself in the opposite corner. Quite a length of time was occupied in the selection of referees as nobody seemed anxious or even willing to act in that capacity. Jack Morrison was at length chosen, and he came forward amid applause that betokened general satisfaction. Mr. Ed. Hoyt then read the articles of agreement signed by the principals, and the rules governing the contest. Tom Babcock was appointed time-keeper. At 9 minutes to 4 o'clock time was called, and both men stepped promptly to the center of the ring, shook hands and retired and had the gloves adjusted by their respective seconds, and then followed.

ROUND 1—After some miscellaneous sparring, Clow led out with his left, and succeeded in landing a light blow on Jones' neck. They closed quickly, broke away and neither seemed anxious to open the fight, and time was called without any more interesting work being done.

ROUND 2—Jones began forcing the fight, but Clow remained cool and collected, dodged cleverly and planted a pretty left-hander on Jones' chin. A red stain showed on Jones' shirt front—first blood for Clow, and the round ended with Jones a little winded.

ROUND 3—Jones continued to force the fighting, and was encouraged by his backers in the crowd. Clow was in the best condition and occasionally done some good work with his left.

ROUND 4—Clow opened with a left-hander a little short and Jones closed with him when Clow cleared himself with a pretty upset.

ROUND 5—Clow done some good work, but Jones was still the favorite, and before the round was finished, some half dozen red stains ornamented his shirt.

ROUND 6—Jones seemed badly winded, but Clow remained good humored, and succeeded in planting a hard left-hander on Jones' nose and round ended with Jones bleeding freely.

ROUND 7—Both men appeared a little winded, and Jones did not seem so anxious to force the fight. Clow succeeded in again bringing the claret from Jones' nose. A little more fighting ended the round.

ROUND 8—Both men a little wary. Clow again put a heavy left in Jones' face and closed the round.

ROUND 9—Both men came to the front winded, but Clow still maintained his good humor. After some ineffectual sparring by both, Jones succeeded in landing his left fairly on Clow's nose.

ROUND 10—Jones appeared fresher, and his friends more confident, although he was evidently working at a disadvantage.

ROUND 11—Jones again forced the fight, when Clow changed his tactics and did some ineffectual work with his right which resulted in exhausting both.

ROUND 12—Jones much fresher, with Clow almost as good as ever. Jones dodged cleverly but finally received one of Clow's left-handers that sent him to his knees against the ropes. He attempted to regain his feet but was sent to his knees again by a hard one from Clow's right, when a foul was claimed by Jones' second and umpire which was so decided by the referee and the fight was given to Jones.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The Pacific Rowing Association, of San Francisco, will hold a regatta on Thanksgiving day.

At Creedmoor, on Sept. 23, George Doyle won the "Duffer" match with 34 out of a possible 35 at 200 yards.

The single-scul race at San Francisco between Fred. Smith and W. Browney, of the Ariel Boat Club, has been declared "off."

At New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 23, the Manhattan Cricket Club, of New York, defeated the New Haven Club at every point. The score was 71 runs to 48.

The lacrosse match between the St. Regis Indians and the Williamsburgh Athletic Club team, played on the latter's grounds in Brooklyn, E. D., on Sept. 23, was won by the Indians by a score of 3 goals to 1.

Richard Howell, the world's champion bicyclist, made a half-mile at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 28, in 1 minute 13 3-5 seconds, beating the world's record for that distance by 1 2-5 seconds.

On Sept. 25, at Washington Park, Chicago, Fanny Wetherston tried to beat her 2-mile record in which she trotted the distance at Minneapolis, Wis., in 4:45. She beat the time by 2 seconds, covering the 2 miles in 2:43.

Patrick Slattery, the well-known pugilist of Rochester, N. Y., in company with Joe Coburn and another well-known sporting man called on Richard K. Fox on Sept. 29 and received the stakes posted in his recent contest with Wm. Baker.

The Puritan, the champion sloop-yacht, who defeated the Genesta in two contests for the American cup, was sold at auction. Edward Burgess, of Boston, the designer, bought her, paying \$13,500 for the fastest yacht in the world up to date.

An Antwerp belonging to A. P. Baldwin, of Newark, N. J., recently flew from Pensacola, Fla., to Newark, N. J., a distance of 1,016 miles, which is the longest fly on record. The pigeon arrived at Newark on Sept. 25, 1885, and has been named the Puritan.

Articles of agreement were signed in Troy, N. Y., on Sept. 23, by Hanlan and Lee and Courtney and Conley for a 3 mile double-scul race, with a turn, to come off opposite Pleasure Island on Oct. 13. Both crews are at Troy in training, and each is confident of success.

At Chicago Trotting Meeting, on Sept. 25, the purse of \$2,000 for double teams was won by Maxey Cobb and Meta Medium in two straight heats, the only team entered against the New York flyers being Charley Howard and Adelaide. Time for the two heats: 2:21½, 2:18½.

A hard glove fight between John Joyce, champion of Ohio, and Patrick Burke, of McKeesport, for \$100 a side, Marquis of Queensbury rules, took place at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sept. 26. Five rounds were fought, when Burke was knocked out and badly punished.

Richard Howells made a special effort at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 26, to break the mile record for safety bicycles. His time was as follows: Quarter, 43 seconds; half, 1:22; three-quarters, 2:01½; mile, 2:43. This is 5 3-5 seconds better than the best previous mile record.

A hard glove fight, under Queensbury rules, between John Cahill and John Cooper took place at El Paso, Tex., on Sept. 25, before a large crowd of spectators. Six rounds were fought and both men were badly used up. In the sixth round Cooper knocked Cahill down five times and was declared the winner.

At Lewiston, Me., on Sept. 25, the three-year-old stallion Nelson, owned by C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, trotted a mile in 2:26½. This is the fastest mile by three-quarter arkers of ever made by a three-year-old upon a half-mile track. It was announced that one-half interest in the colt had been sold for \$5,000.

At the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, on Sept. 28, there were two events decided. The first was a half-mile run, in which L. E. Myers, starting from scratch, gave W. C. White 63 yards' start and a beating in 1 minute 58 1-5 seconds. The pole vaulting contest was between L. E. Myers and J. W. White. They tied at 6 feet 10 inches. They will have to jump over again.

The second annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada took place at the Rosedale Grounds, Toronto, on Sept. 26, in the presence of several thousand people. Great interest was manifested in the sports, owing to the presence of the representative team of Irish athletes and of several prominent members of New York athletic organizations, besides all of the prominent Canadian athletes.

Jack Dalton, a veteran pugilist, of Reading, Pa., fifty-five years of age, was defeated by Jim Stevens after a desperate battle, which lasted through 11 rounds, 45 minutes, at Reading, Pa., on Sept. 27. Dalton was badly used up, having both eyes cut and a swollen face, which was also terribly lacerated. The fight was for \$25 a side, and \$14 additional was put up by Dalton. The fighters are now keeping themselves shady from the police.

Richard K. Fox received the following from Portland, Oregon, on Sept. 24: I will match Jack Dempsey to fight Dave Campbell of Portland, Oregon, for \$1,000 or \$2,000, with or without gloves, Jack Dempsey to weigh 140 pounds, Campbell at 500 pounds, or less, if he wishes to be; or I will match Jack Dempsey to fight Duncan McDonald of Butte City, Mon., at catch-weight, with or without gloves, for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, within eight weeks from the date of signing articles. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—I hereby challenge James Faulkner, of England, or any man in America to wrestle at 120 or 130 pounds, according to Lancashire style catch-as-catch-can for \$250, \$500 or \$1,000. The match can be made at any time by addressing to my backer, W. W. Hurt, 424 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal. Gus Brown, Champion Light-weight of the Pacific Coast.

On Sept. 23, at St. Louis, George M. Hendes, the amateur champion bicyclist of America, at a public and official trial, under the auspices of the Ramblers' Bicycle Club, at St. Louis, lowered the world's amateur records for a half mile, three-quarter mile and one mile. The time made was as follows: Quarter, 38 seconds; half, 1 minute 15 seconds; three-quarters, 1 minute 55½ seconds; mile, 2 minutes 38½ seconds. The record for the half mile lowers any previous time made at this distance, either professional or amateur. The previous best amateur mile was 2 minutes 39 seconds.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—in your last issue I notice in the record of the Columbia Polo Club of Jersey City that they defeated us in a match at Somerville by a score of 3 goals to 1, which is not true. We defeated them by 4 goals to nothing in 20 minutes and we suppose they do not want to recognize the defeat. We hereby challenge the Columbia Polo Club to play at Jersey City on any date mentioned by them after Oct. 17.

SOMERVILLE POLO CLUB, Somerville, N. J.

The following visitors called at this office during the past week: W. W. Willis, Jule W. Shipper, Hugh Curry, R. J. Moore, World; Billy Brown, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Geo. E. Sands, Mr. McKee, Mr. McIntire, Jim Glynn, Jos. Kirby, Matsada Sorakichi, Aug. Schmidt, Hoboken, N. J.; Al. Melbourne, Mr. Brophy, John T. Gorman, Alex. McIntosh, Geo. B. Raymond, Hugh Barron, Bramley Raymond, James Conlon, Cleveland, O.; Frank Cassidy, Cleveland, O.; James Williams, Gus Heckler, Geo. H. Demarest, Gus. Tutthill, Joe Fowler, Joe Coburn, Patrick Slattery, Geo. Butler, Cleveland, O.; James W. Stanley, Rochester, N. Y.; John Rose, Philadelphia; Chas. Engels, Harry Reynolds, P. Madden, Jersey City, N. J.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravity road

known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh river, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on Oct. 7 and 21, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

The international lacrosse match for the championship of America between the St. Regis Indian lacrosse team, the professional champions of Canada, and the New York Lacrosse Club, was played at Staten Island. The players and positions were as follows:

Position.	Indians.	New York.
Goal.	Andrew Cook.	F. S. Wheeler.
Point.	Raini Neli.	David Brown.
Cover point.	John Cook.	George Podham.
Defence field.	Louis Sam.	A. D. Kilchey.
Center field.	Boas Cook.	T. M. Marson.
Second home.	Sol. Angus.	J. W. Fryer.
First home.	M. Solomon.	F. F. McLean.
Outside home.	Louis Dion.	W. J. Robinson.
Inside home.	Joe Sam.	C. H. Reno.
Captain.	John Angus.	Ed. Merritt.

About 4,000 spectators witnessed the game, which resulted in the first defeat of the Canadian champions. The features of the game were the splendid team work of the New Yorkers and the individual play of Popham (who won both goals for New York), Marson and Pryor.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Geo. B. Bunnell, P. T. Barnum, John P. Clow, William J. L. Crothy, Col. Cunningham, Andrew M. Clark, William Delaney, John Fitzgerald, James W. Fullbrook (2), Clarence Whistler, Joe Coburn, Chas. E. Greene, Edward M. Grout, Frank White, Denis Hanley (2), Frank Hart, Tom Hall, J. Edwin Irving, H. M. Johnson, Robt. Ingersoll, Samuel Irvine, M. K. Kittleman, W. B. Banner, Miss May Tobin (2), John J. Liden, P. J. McInerney, John McMahon, Jos. A. Montefiore, Noah McKinnon, Jim Hase (2), Patsy Murphy, G. B. Morris, Eph. Morris, Geo. Koremac, John S. Prince, Tom Ward, John Teemer, Jerome B. Bag, M. K. Kittleman, Prof. John Smith, Buffalo Bill, James Felt, Thos. Dobbins, James Burns, Geo. W. Howe, Charley McCoy, Miles McNally, J. S. Taylor, Paddy Ryan, Marcellus Baker, Jere Dunn, Alfred Trumbull (2), Adam Foroughpaz, Gus. Guerrero, Mart Malone, Michael Scully, Daniel Kane, Amos J. Cummings, I. S. Rosenstamm.

The race for the Cape May International Challenge cup, between the British cutter Genesta and the American keel schooner Dauntless, which began Saturday afternoon, Sept. 26, was concluded Monday, Sept. 28, at a little past 10 o'clock A. M., and resulted in a victory for the cutter. The Genesta made the course in 42 hours 14 minutes 40 seconds actual time, and adding the 15 seconds which she was handicapped, her official time is 42 hours 14 minutes 55 seconds. As soon as she had passed over the line at the lightship a winner, a sailor climbed astide to her truck and rove of some signal balliards, and the white cross of the Royal Yacht Squadron was run up, having beneath it a string of three black and red square racing pennants, signifying the number of her victories while in American waters. The Genesta will carry back to England the Breton's Reef cup, in addition to the Commodore's cup, which latter will be her own private property. The two challenge cups she can hold for thirty days, without liability to challenge, and may then be challenged and must race within fifteen days, or forfeit the cup. The course for both these cups is now from the Needles, Isle of Wight, to and around a stakeboat off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and return.

There is every prospect of an international single-scul race being arranged between Edward Hanlan, the champion oarsman of America, and Wm. Beach, of Daplo, New South Wales, if Hanlan and his backers are ready to arrange a match. The following challenge has been received at this office, which proves the Australian champion is ready to arrange a match.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, Aug. 1, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, New York, U. S. of America:

Sir—Since Edward Hanlan, the American champion, has returned to Canada I have read several verbal challenges issued by Hanlan, wherein he claims that he could have defeated me only for the Paramatta River being a winding course. At several places he has publicly stated that he would arrange another race, but up to date neither myself nor my backer, Wm. Deebie, has received any challenge. Now, to prove I am still the champion oarsman of the world, I will row Hanlan on any course in Australia, as he does not like the winding Paramatta river, 3, 4 or 5 miles, for from £500 to £1,000 a side. Hanlan can arrange the match for any time he desires to row, two or three months from signing articles. Wm. Deebie.

Champion oarsman of the world.

P. S.—If Hanlan accepts this offer, please notify me at once. W. B.

If Hanlan is eager to arrange a match with Beach he will have no trouble, judging by the Australian champion's def.

The Irish team who were picked from the champions of the leading Irish athletic organizations of Ireland did not capture the majority of prizes as was expected. The scratch team from the United States tied the Irish team by winning five events while they were second in nine events including one tie. The Irish team won five events and including a tie were second four times. The Canadian representatives only won four events and were second in two competitions. Putting the shot was booked as a sure victory for the Irish team, but J. Gray, of Cold Water, Ontario, defeated both the Irish and the United States champion, putting the shot 41 feet 5¼ inches. C. A. Queckbarn, of the New York Athletic Club, of New York City, and W. J. M. Barry, of Queen's College, Cork, Ireland, tied. In throwing off the tie Queckbarn won, putting the shot 41 feet 1¼ inch, just four inches behind the Canadian champion's performance.

In the high jump P. J. Walsh of the Landdowne Football Club of Dublin, Ireland (one of the Irish team), won first prize, clearing 5 feet 8¼ inches, D. C. Little of Trenton, N. J., and R. A. Little of Ridgerton, N. J., tied for second prize, clearing 5 feet 5¼ inches. Throwing the 16 pound hammer—W. J. Barry of Queen's College, Cork, one of the Irish team, won, throwing the hammer 92 feet 8 inches. C. A. J. Queckbarn, one of the United States team was second with 88 feet 10 inches.

Three-mile walking match—M. J. Hayes of the Limerick Boat Club of Limerick, Ireland (one of the Irish team), won, J. R. Irving of the Ontario Lacrosse Club second. Time, 24 minutes 24 seconds.

Throwing the 56 pound weight—In this contest C. A. J. Queckbarn of New York defeated W. J. M. Barry of the Irish team which made a double victory for the New York champion over the Irish champion. Queckbarn threw the 56 pound weight 25 feet 10 inches, beating the Irish champion 9 inches. Barry's defeat created quite a surprise, for the Irish team had this event booked for a sure victory.

Pole jumping—In this competition the representative of the Irish team met with another defeat. D. C. Little, of Trenton, N. J., won the first prize, while R. A. Little, of Ridgerton, N. J., and J. Purcell, of the Dublin Civil Service Harriers, one of the Irish team, tied for second place; D. C. Little cleared 9 feet 0¼ inches, while R. A. Little and J. Purcell only cleared 8 feet 0¼ inches.

The 120 yard hurdle race was a victory for the Irish team. E. J. Walsh, of the Landdowne Football Club of Ireland, won the heat with J. E. Hursey, of the Kerry, Ireland, Athletic Club, second; no time.

The running broad jump was also a victory for the Irish athletic team. J. Purcell, of the Dublin Civil Service Harriers, won, covering 21 feet 3¼ inches; N. W. Ford, of the New York Athletic Club was second, covering 21 feet 0¼ inches.

The 100-yard race was won in 10 1-5 seconds by B. Field, of Woodstock, with J. S. Robertson, of Montreal, second. Eight hundred and eighty yard run—J. W. Moffat, of Montreal, first; C. M. Smith, of New York, second. Time, 2 minutes, 11 1-5 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yard run—M. W. Ford, of New York, first; J. S. Robertson, of Montreal, second. Time, 2 2-5 seconds. Two mile run—D. M. Fitzgerald, first. Time, 10 minutes 5 seconds.

One mile run—J. W. Moffat, of Montreal, first. C. M. Smith, of New York, second. Time, 4 minutes 36 seconds. The best Canadian record.

Four hundred and forty yards run—N. W. Ford, of the New York Athletic Club, first, and G. D. Christian, of the Dublin Athletic Club, second. Time, 52 1-5 seconds.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand Billy Madden is eager to match John McAuliffe, the well-known light-weight, against any man in America, at 128 pounds, for \$500 or \$1,000.

Madden means business, and the many would-be champion light-weights should accept Madden's fair offer or stop protesting to be light-weight champions.

I see by the Philadelphia papers that Dominick McCaffrey is still after Charley Mitchell, and ready to meet him in the arena.

McCaffrey, in a card, says: "I whipped Mitchell once, and I am able to do so again."

Many of the sporting fraternity are lashing Sullivan because he did not box Paddy Ryan, as he agreed to do.

No one can blame the champion for not carrying out his verbal contract, because he was compelled to stand by a more binding one made previously with Lester & Allen.

Before Sullivan gave his word to Jere Dunn that he would meet Ryan he had signed an iron-clad contract with Lester & Allen.

Sullivan supposed that they would not object to his meeting Ryan, and promised Jere Dunn he would do so in good faith.

On the time arriving for the preparations for the proposed meeting between the rival gladiators Lester & Allen refused to allow the champion to meet Ryan until the contract they held with Sullivan had expired.

It is my opinion that all even-thinking people will come to the conclusion that Sullivan was not to blame in the proposed match being broken off.

By the way, I should think that it would pay Lester & Allen to allow the champion to meet Ryan in some large city. There would be thousands in the scheme, for the sporting public from Maine to Oregon would travel miles to witness a contest between these gigantic prize-fighters.

James Burns, of Rochester, who rejoices in being styled the Strong Boy, was recently arrested for knocking out George Tremaine, aged fifty-five, in the Bowery.

Tremaine has his jaw broken, and his skull was so badly damaged by striking the sidewalk that he lay weeks in the hospital, and Burns was held to await the result of his injuries.

The witnesses in the affair in the meantime did not appear, and the Rochester pugilist was discharged.

Burns published a statement quite complimentary to himself in the New York Daily News, which was not, it is said, in the main correct.

Regarding the affair, Joe Burns, the pugilist, writes as follows: "James Burns, who styles himself the Strong Boy, of Rochester, never fought a man for money. All the reputation that he has is from bar-room brawls." Jack Dempsey offered him \$100 to meet Jim Felt, and Joe Burns offered him \$25 to meet Tom Furguson for 4 1/2 minute rounds, any rules to govern. Joe Burns now offers a \$200 purse if he will box Jim McHugh or Tom Furguson to a finish, any rules.

Burns should accept some of these offers or take down his shingle. Boasting means nothing, and only makes pugilists who indulge in it a laughing stock among the sporting fraternity.

The country at present is full of men who profess they can fight, or are ready to fight, while they have no more intention of arranging a match than jumping from the East River bridge.

Joseph Spencer, the English pedestrian, who started on June 18, 1885, to walk 6,000 miles in 110 days, is still plodding to complete his task in England.

I have not much faith in these long tramps, they amount to nothing and prove nothing.

Weston wore the edge of these pedestrian long-distance contests and nowadays there is little interest in a pedestrian attempting alleged great feats, competition being the order of the day.

I understand Crittendon Robinson, the champion wing shot and prominent lawyer of San Francisco, recently figured in a police court in San Francisco.

Robinson was arrested at the instigation of Charles R. Dexter, a "sporting man," who charged that Robinson had stolen \$345 from him. He gave bail, and appeared when his name was called next morning. He pleaded not guilty and announced that he would conduct his own case.

Charles H. Dexter, the complaining witness, was then placed on the stand and testified that he sat in a six-handed poker game with the defendant and four others at the Exchange Billiard Rooms on Kearney and Sutter streets. After they had played four or five hours Dexter was out \$200. He borrowed \$200 from the house and lost this. He then asked Waters, one of the proprietors of the house, to lend him \$40 more, and Waters asked Robinson to advance the amount. Robinson threw down \$40 and the game proceeded.

Dexter then began to win and had recovered a large part of his money when the players began to drop out and the game narrowed down to Robinson and himself. Robinson proposed to go into another room, for the sake of greater privacy, and there Dexter continued to win.

Finally Robinson said he would play no more and asked Dexter how he stood. Dexter said that he was winner just the \$400 which Robinson owed him, he having credited Robinson to that amount. The money he had before him he said was about what he had previously lost.

"Let me count it," said Robinson, and Dexter, taking \$80 more from his vest pocket passed it over to Robinson. The latter gathered it up, put it into his pocket and said: "I'll settle with you at my office; come, go there." Dexter thought he was going to pay him the \$200; but, not liking Robinson's manner, called a friend to accompany them. On the street Robinson said: "Charley, you have robbed me. I have got this money and you will never get a cent of it."

Dexter protested and said that Robinson had told him he would pay him the money at his office. Robinson said: "You are a liar. I said I would settle with you, and this is the way I am going to settle. You can get what satisfaction you want, but you will not get a cent."

Robinson put his hand in his hip pocket and Dexter said: "You don't want to rob me and kill me, too? I don't want to make a pistol fight for \$300." The men then parted. There was just \$325 in the pile which Robinson pocketed.

Several witnesses corroborated the above and Robinson took the stand. His story was exactly the same as Dexter's.

except that he said that he had frequently caught Dexter cheating, and protested against it in vain. When he found there was no hope of recovering his losses by playing on, he determined to do so "fi et armis." Acting Judge Penne announced that he would hold the defendant in the sum of \$2,000 to answer a charge of grand larceny in the Superior Court.

George F. Slosson is to be married to Miss Nellie Foley, elder daughter of Tom Foley, at Chicago, Oct. 7.

Better late than never, George.

I understand Albert Garnier gained his divorce suit in the French court, and was adjudged a single man Aug. 19.

Garnier is at present in Belgium.

According to the "Field," published in England, I learn that some wonderful pole-leaping was done at the Grammar sports, London, Eng., on Aug. 20. A best-on-record was claimed on behalf of the amateur champion, T. Ray, of Ulverston, who was credited with a leap of 11 feet 5 inches.

The previous best was by the same man in August, 1883, when he cleared within half an inch of the height named above. In the competition of the 20th L. E. Stones cleared 10 feet 6 inches and E. Newby 10 feet 3 inches, whilst in the contest at the same gathering, devoted to professionals, John Twiss, Keswick, won at 10 feet 1 inch, his brother Joseph coming second with 10 feet; F. Simpson third, with 9 feet 10 inches. Such a series of high jumps at one meeting is quite unprecedented.

It is much to be regretted that the rascally attempts of a lot of turf sharpers have induced the Executive Committee of the Coney Island Jockey Club to announce "no more jumpers need apply."

The sharks of the turf brought down judgment upon them, and we endorse the action of the Executive Committee.

I have been informed that, with the close of the present racing season, James Lee will sever his connection with Mr. Walton's stable, and assume charge of that of ex-Mayor Nolan, of Albany.

This position was offered him a year ago, when Lee parted with the Erdheim stable, but he was unwilling to supersede his old friend, Pat Maney, who recently resigned the post.

It is my opinion the change will be a most congenial one to Lee, being best suited to his tastes, as it is exclusively a steeplechase stable, a field in which Lee won his spurs as the trainer of Trouble, Disturbance, Dispute, Day Star, Waller, etc., and besides Mayor Nolan races at Saratoga, which is Lee's home, he having some property there.

It is likely that Mayor Nolan will now add largely to his stable. He has long cherished the desire to take Bourke Cockran to England and start him in the Grand National, at Aintree, but the horse has shown poor form this season, and unless he should mend this will have to be abandoned.

The New York "Daily News" says: "Marquis Bibbero, the famous English scientific swimmer who made such a flourish of trumpets in England that he intended to visit this country and attempt to swim the Niagara rapids and whirlpool, has abandoned the idea."

During Richard K. Fox's sojourn in London Bibbero called on the former and requested him to pay his expenses to New York and guarantee him a stipulated sum, and he would make the attempt to swim the rapids. Mr. Fox declined to have anything to do with what he called a foolhardy feat, and Bibbero left disgusted.

Carl Abs, the gigantic German wrestler, has opened a large sporting house on the American plan in Hamburg, and is doing a great business. He makes himself famous by boasting that he defeated all the champions in America, and exhibits three gold medals he won. Abs must have bought the medals, for he never won any in this country. He ran away from Joe Acton, refused a challenge issued by Edwin Bibby, and failed to defeat Muldoon.

J. I. Case's proverbial luck with trotters has not followed him in his racing ventures. He bought Gurgle, 2:30, about two years ago at the stated price of \$7,000. Bether could do nothing with Gurgle, and her present turf career was closed by her exchange to Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky. Part of the consideration were three fillies, by Simmons' brother to Rose Wilkes.

Week after week we receive letters about the battles fought by Tom Sayers, the historic champion of the English prize ring, whose reign ended after John C. Heenan, the Benecian Boy, met him on the historic field of Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860.

Tom Sayers was considered for the first half of his career, by men who professed to be the best authorities, as simply a degree or two above the genus rough; what was in reality talent of the highest order was never looked upon as such until it had come through the ordeal as only talent of the highest order can come through when the ordeal is of proportionate calibre. And why was it not? Simply because it was not the sort of talent which inclined itself to the tastes and desires of the admitted authorities.

The fact is, Tom's was a style of fighting only suited to a man of the highest courage, nerve and resolution. The same offensive and defensive skill, the same hitting power, would in the person of any one who wavered in the least have been of no use whatever against at least three of Sayers' latter-day opponents. Sayers' record is built on a basis of pluck and bottom, and that is why his name will always have a sweet savor in the nostrils of sterling sportsmen.

His was a curious career; the one fight he lost should have been a gift for him, and would have been had he gone to the post in thorough condition; on the other hand, he had on more than one occasion afterwards to thank fortune—and the referee—for his successes.

Such a man as Sayers would have had no opportunity nowadays for the display of a courage which was little less than phenomenal. On the principle that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, there must be men about who are brave as men can be. All I can say is that, if so, they get no show now in the world of athletics, which as we live seems to have been given over to folk of quite a different description.

I see that Jack Burke is making himself notorious by issuing challenges to Dominick McCaffrey.

Burke is in San Francisco, and he is well aware that McCaffrey will not go to the Pacific Slope.

I understand the Intercollegiate Football League this year includes Wesleyan, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale.

Harvard College team will not be represented.

I believe this is owing to the opposition on the part of Harvard's faculty preventing that college from being represented, leaving the championship pennant to be fought between Yale and Princeton.

It will not detract any interest from the college championship whether Harvard is or is not represented.

Harvard College has not the rough-and-tough element among its athletes to parade a team able to wrestle and fight like Yale and Princeton, therefore their chances of defeating either for the college championship would be slight.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

J. D. W., New York.—It is optional.

Fields, Hot Springs, Ark.—A covered van.

L. B., New York City.—He claims to be champion.

E. B., Virginia City, Nev.—By a tiller and not a wheel.

P. L., Buffalo, N. Y.—Wallace Ross is no relation to Hanlan.

C. T., Catskill, N. Y.—Send \$3 and we will furnish you books.

D. J. G., Topeka, Mo.—We have no record of such a performance.

E. L., Platte Center, Neb.—Send \$2.50 and we will mail you the book.

A. C., Leavenworth.—The course from Putney to Mortlake is 4 1/2 miles.

D. D., Brooklyn, E. D.—Sayers and Langham only fought one battle.

P. O., Iroquois, Dak.—Donald Dinnie is still in the United States.

T. McN., New York City.—Recorder John K. Hackett died Dec. 26, 1879.

H. A., Richmond, Va.—Joe Acton came to this country of his own accord.

E. F., Boston, Mass.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

G. B., Detroit, Mich.—Lady Suffolk trotted 161 races, winning 88 and losing 73.

W. P., Rochester, N. Y.—The "Adelaide," Sydney, Australia, is their address.

C. D., Kansas City.—Tom King was the winner of his last battle with Jim Mac.

S. E. B., Baltimore, Md.—The great fire in Washington broke out on Dec. 15, 1800.

W. S., Morris, Ill.—Lucille Weston was born in New Orleans, La., June 8, 1843.

C. T., Catskill, N. Y.—Send \$3 to this office and we will furnish you with the book.

M. N., Taftville, Conn.—Lord Arthur Clinton was a son of the Duke of Newcastle.

P. E., Jefferson, O.—Bill Poole stood 5 feet 9 1/2 inches and weighed 157 pounds.

D. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—No police stopped the affair, and Mitchell was not knocked out.

L. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Bill Davis and Jim Dunne fought at Pike county, Pa., May 16, 1865.

M. O., Salem, Mass.—Peter Morris, the English pugilist, fought ten times in the prize ring, and a wins.

S. C., Jersey City, N. J.—In playing euchre you have a right to order up whether you hold a trump or not.

A. M., Harrisburg.—Yankee Sullivan was born April 12, 1815.

D. T., Petersburg, Va.—Tom Savers held the championship of England from June 22, 1857 to April 17, 1860.

B. O., Pittsburg, Pa.—Capt. Barclay walked 100 miles in 19 hours. 2. Jeff Davis was captured April 16, 1865.

J. D. S., Port Jervis.—Edward McGillicuddy was considered the most scientific pugilist in the State of Connecticut.

Symmes, Cleveland.—Tom Hyer died in New York city on June 26, 1864, of cardiac dropsy, aged forty-five years.

P. B. H., Des Moines.—Yes, technically speaking, 2. Mitchell did not agree to attempt to knock Cleary out, but to win.

J. D., Hillsdale, Ill.—If we knew any party dealing in the article you name we would place an officer of the law on his track.

A. P., Cleveland.—Jim Mac did not defeat Joe Coburn in a prize fight. They met on two occasions, both ending in a draw.

B. C., Peoria, Ill.—Marsden was the first English pugilist who fought Ned O'Baldwin, and the only man who ever defeated him.

S. T., Brownsville, Texas.—John L. Sullivan and Flood fought 8 rounds, lasting 16 minutes. 2. Commodore Vanderbilt died Jan. 4, 1877.

S. Q. R., Chicago, Ill.—He must get on his feet unassisted, 10 seconds being allowed him to do so when the round is to be resumed.

J. F. T., Waco, Texas.—We have repeatedly stated that Fanny Hill cannot be bought or sold, and is never advertised in these columns.

F. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Joe Coburn was not sent to prison for killing a man, but on a charge of shooting a policeman with intent to kill.

H. M., Washington.—Johnny Newell, of Pittsburg, Pa., defeated Patsy Barnes, near Pittsburg, in 16 rounds, in 45 minutes, July 27, 1865.

W. S., Richmond, Va.—Joe Acton is no relation to the once famous wrestler of that name. 2. Your performance was a capital one if correct.

G. D., Austin, Tex.—Gen. George B. McClellan was removed Nov. 4, 1862. He was appointed commander of the Union army in November, 1861.

J. O., South Barton, Vt.—Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819, and succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837. 2. She was crowned June 28, 1838.

T. O., Indianapolis.—Ethan Allen pulled 100-pound wagon and trotted a mile with running-mate at the old Union course, L. I., May 18, 1859, in 2:24 1/4.

B. M., Mount Vernon.—Hermie stood at the head of the winning sires in England during 1882. Of 81 races he won 30, which amounted to \$216,549.55.

A. S., West Point, N. Y.—Nat Langham, the English pugilist, died at London, Eng., Sept. 1, 1871. 2. Jemmy Massey landed in New York March 8, 1860.

L. M., St. Paul, Minn.—The great conflagration at Boston, Mass., occurred in November, 1872. 2. The great fire at Chicago, Ill., was in October, 1877.

B. F. S., Gouverneur, N. Y.—There is no rule governing the same. 2. 130 pounds, featherweight; 145 pounds, lightweight; 154 pounds, middleweight.

W. G., Leavenworth.—1. Daniel McFarlane shot and killed Albert D. Richardson at the Tribune office, Nov. 24, 1869, at 4:45 P. M. 2. He died Dec. 2, 1869.

F. C., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Izzy Lazarus is dead. He died in this city Sept. 26, 1867. 2. Harry Lazarus was murdered in Houston street, this city, Jan. 3, 1865.

S. H., Bangor, Me.—1. Hugh Riley never fought Johnny Dwyer in the prize ring. 2. They fought twice in a room in Brooklyn and in a sporting house in New York.

D. D., New Orleans, La.—Alf. Greenfield defeated Jack Stewart, the Scotch giant, in 21 rounds, lasting 1 hour 7 minutes. He did break his arm in the fifth round.

J. W. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan fought in June, 1860. Ryan and Sullivan fought in February, 1862. A wins the first and also the second wager.

L. A., Cincinnati, O.—Sam Hague was born in Sheffield, Eng., in 1829, and made his first appearance in the Pavilion theatre, London, Eng., at the age of eight years.

B. C., Lafayette.—At vingt-on the deal continues with one person till a "natural" occurs, and in all cases of equality the elder hand has the preference after the dealer.

S. E., Annapolis, Md.—Charley Gallagher defeated Tom Allen, near St. Louis, February, 1869, knocking him out of time in the second round; the battle lasted 3 minutes.

T. P., Seymour, Ind.—1. John Morrissey fought a rough-and-tumble fight with Bill Poole. 2. Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the night of Feb. 25, 1855.

A. M., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Ryan did all he could to win under the circumstances in his battle with Sullivan at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1862. 2. Sullivan won on his merits.

AMERICAN HOTEL.—The cause of the turning up of the hoofs of the horse referred to, was due to a diseased condition of the flexor tendons, known as degeneration or loss of tenacity.

S. E., Portsmouth.—1. Yankee Sullivan fought Tom Hyer on Feb. 7, 1862. 2. He was found dead in a cell where he was placed by the vigilance committee at San Francisco, May 31, 1853.

D. M., Allentown, Pa.—1. Jack Looney and Joe Cole fought 5 miles from New Orleans, La., March 14, 1859. 2. Twenty-three rounds were fought in 43 minutes, and Looney won by a foul.

B. C., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Patsy Hogan was the light-weight champion when he retired from the ring. 2. Jim Mac never fought Tom Sayers. 3. John Morrissey never fought Deaf Burk.

W. T. L., New York City.—The bet is a draw, as the Pricilla

did not start against the Genesta for the America's cup. Your friend had no chance to win unless the Pricilla was a constant. S. A., Chicago, Ill.—1. Dan Kerrigan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1835. 2. He fought Jim (Australian) Kelly at Island Pond, County of Essex, Aug. 31, 1863, and won in 25 rounds, lasting 45 minutes.

P. M., Trenton, N. J.—1. Joe Coburn defeated Mike McCool, Harry Gribben, and fought a draw with Jim Mac. 2. Johnny Lyng and Country McCuskey were Sullivan's seconds when he fought Tom Hyer.

G. G., Brooklyn, E. D.—1. Boss Harrington was born in New York in 1805. 2. On June 4, 1862, he fought Andy McLane. 3. He fought John McLane in 1859. 4. He is supposed to have committed suicide on Feb. 1, 1860.

G. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Mike Costello, the well-known boxer, better known as "Strong Arm Mike," was at the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight. 2. Tom Allen was defeated by Charley Gallagher near St. Louis, February, 1868.

T. W., Lexington.—1. When Tag Wilson and Greenfield fought neither were trained, and it was only guess work to state their weights. 2. Greenfield was the heavier man of the two, and weighed about 168 pounds.

C. A. B., Portsmouth.—Wm. Sexton did enter legal proceedings against Maurice Vignaux in Paris. The suit was decided by the Tribunal of the Seine in favor of Sexton on Jan. 6, 1877. 2. Vignaux had to pay costs and fine.

M. B., Charlestown.—Capt. Barclay, in December, 1866, accomplished the feat of walking 100 miles in 19 hours over a rough road. He accomplished the feat in 17 hours 30 minutes, exclusive of the 1 hour and 30 minutes he rested.

F. B., Farwell, Mich.—1. They do not kill rats in England in the same manner as they do in this country. 2. Shaw's dog Billy killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 30 seconds. 3. Jim Ward was beaten by Josh Hudson in 14 rounds, lasting 36 minutes.

W. S., Hartford, Conn.—1. The Ryan and Sullivan fight did not last as long as the Heenan and Morrissey battle. 2. Morrissey defeated Heenan in 11 rounds, lasting 21 minutes. Heenan was insensible when time was called for the twelfth round. 3. B wins.

J. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—John C. Heenan did not wind up with John Morrissey at the latter's exhibition on Nov. 12, 1855, at Hoy's theatre, New York. Morrissey appeared and boxed with Chas. Ottigen. John Morrissey was born in Templemore, Ireland, in 1831.

P. E., Manchester, Mass.—1. Charlotte Cushman, sister to Susan Cushman, was married to Dr. Sheridan Musgrave. Mrs. Musgrave died at Liverpool, Eng., in May, 1859. 2. Kate Bateman played "Leah" at Niblo's theatre, New York, Jan. 19, 1862. 3. Matilda Heron was born in Labryvale, Londonderry, Ireland.

E. E. L., Port Hope.—1. Belcher beat Britton, G. Jones, John Bartholomew, Gamble Bourke (three times and a turn) up, and Finley was beaten by Pearce and Cribb twice and fought a draw with Bartholomew. 2. Johnny Mackay beat Johnny Roberts in 3 rounds, lasting 47 minutes, near Boston, June 23, 1858.

A. Q., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Geo. Nicholls fought upward of fifty battles. 2. He was born in 1775, stood 5 feet 8 1/2 inches and weighed 151 pounds. 3. He commenced fighting when he was seventeen years and died in his fifty-eighth year. 3. Yes, Nicholls did defeat Tom Cribb. 4. The East river is a salt water river, and B wins.

S. T., Sioux City.—1. Jim Mac and Joe Goss fought three times. 2. In the first Mac won in 19 rounds, lasting 1 hour 55 1/2 minutes, Sept. 1, 1863, for \$1,000. 3. The second battle ended in a draw, May 24, 1866. The third battle was contested in a 16-foot ring, Aug. 6, 1866, when Mac won in 21 rounds, lasting 30 minutes.

W. H. W., Charles ton, S. C.—There are no records of knots made by steam vessels in stormy and in fair weather. The Stilleto has made over 27 miles an hour, and can probably make or 28 miles under favorable conditions of wind and tide. The Mary Powell, against which she raced up the Hudson, has made 25 miles an hour.

G. A., New Haven, Conn.—1. Yankee Sullivan defeated Hammer Lane in England, Feb. 2, 1841. 2. The battle lasted 44 minutes, in which time 19 rounds were fought. 3. Deoney Harris fought Geo. Cooper, of London, at Darford Marshes, Long Branch, Eng., in June, 1861. 4. Harris won, after a stubborn battle, which lasted 1 hour 45 minutes.

W. H., Camden, N. J.—1. Mickey Gannon and Jack Baldoock fought at catch weight, for \$200, on Oct. 6, 1863, near London, Eng. 2. It was George Crockett and Jack Hicks seconded Gannon, while Patsy Reardon and Bob Travers seconded Baldoock. After 35 rounds had been fought in 1 hour 15 minutes the police appeared and Baldoock was arrested.

F. M. E., Lebanon, Pa.—1. Paddy Ryan won the championship of America by defeating Joe Goss, at Colliers' Station, W. Va., in June, 1860. He held the title about one year and eight months. 2. Send 25 cents and we will forward you the "History of the American Prize Ring," which contains full particulars of Ryan's battle with Goss. 3. Write to Arthur Chambers.

J. F., Chambersburg, Pa.—The Isabro (hawk) brought 10,000,000 pounds of Japan tea to Tacoma, where the cargo was transhipped off for Eastern and Canadian cities on the Northern Pacific Railroad and its connections. To carry these teas 300 cars were employed, 20 cars to a train. The first trains were exclusively loaded with teas and all came through on special fast schedule time.

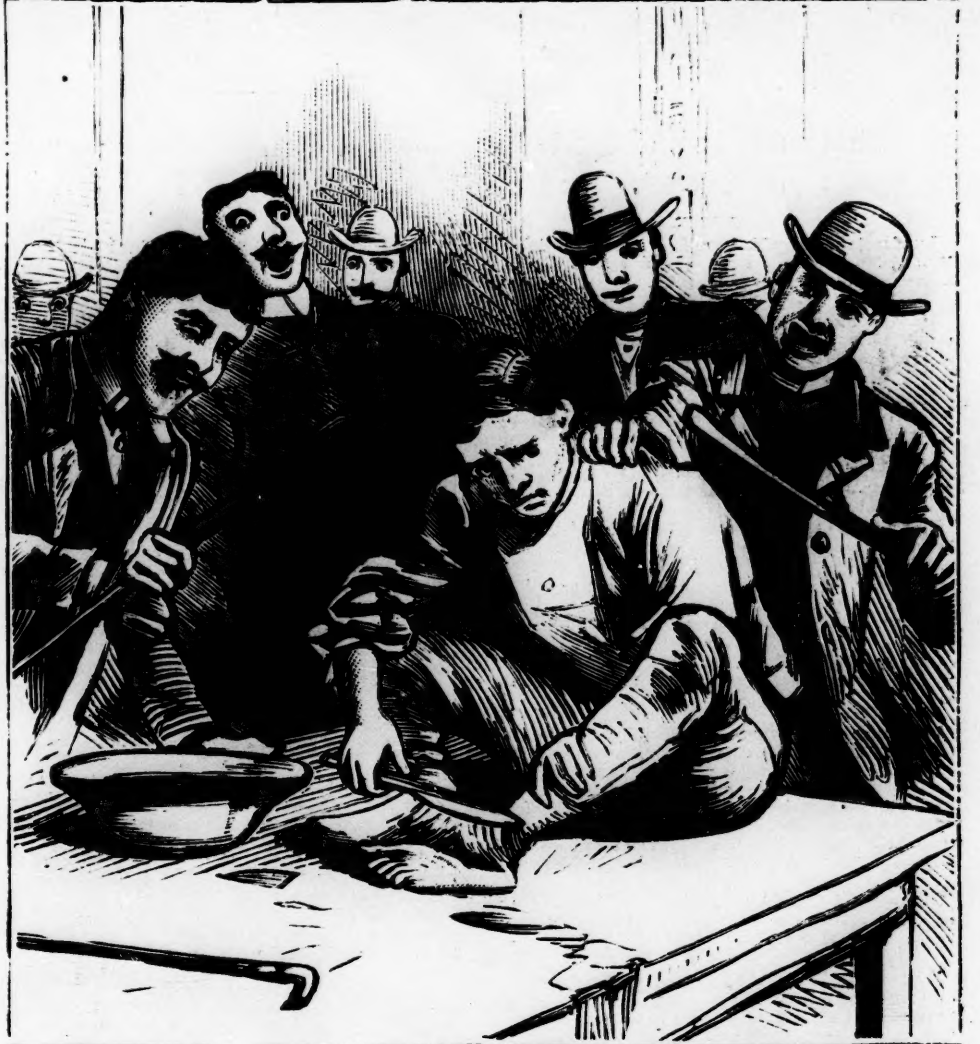
J. C., New York City.—The alleged sporting sheet that was recently owned by Frank Queen could not give you a correct answer to your question, because they have as one in their dingy office able to furnish the information. Nearly all answers to correspondents in the would-be sporting journal are answered by a lager beer saloon keeper in Sixth avenue, near Washington place.

J. E. L., Morristown.—1. Barney Aaron and Johnny Monaghan fought on Sept. 28, 1857, 12 miles from Providence, R. I., for \$300. 2. Aaron was seconded by Hen Winkle, of New York, and John E. Taylor, of Boston, with Barney Ford as umpire. Monaghan had Jack Hyde, of Liverpool, and Jim



DUCKED BY A DREDGER.

OFFICER DONOVAN OF WEST BRIGHTON, N. Y., MEETS WITH A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.



THEY MADE HIM SCRUB HIS FEET.

HOW SOME OF THE STUDENTS OF PRINCETON FORCED ONE OF THEIR NUMBER TO BE CLEANLY.

CHARLES SHERIDAN,
WHO KILLED THOMAS FARRELL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**M. Bogue Selph.**

This young ruffian shot and killed a bright promising young man by name W. M. Kirkland, who was eating his dinner at a restaurant in Lake City, Fla. The murder caused immense excitement throughout the county. The Governor of the State and other officials have offered a reward of nine hundred dollars for the murderer's capture. The following is a description of the fugitive: 24 years old, looks younger, almost beardless, grey eyes, long eye-lashes, thin lips, prominent

EDITOR STEAD,
OF THE LONDON "PALL MALL GAZETTE" SCANDAL.

chin, of slight build, about 5 feet 6 inches high, weighs about 125 pounds, hair cut close and rather light colored, great tobacco chewer. The reward will be paid for his apprehension by C. P. Farnell, Sheriff Columbia County, Fla.

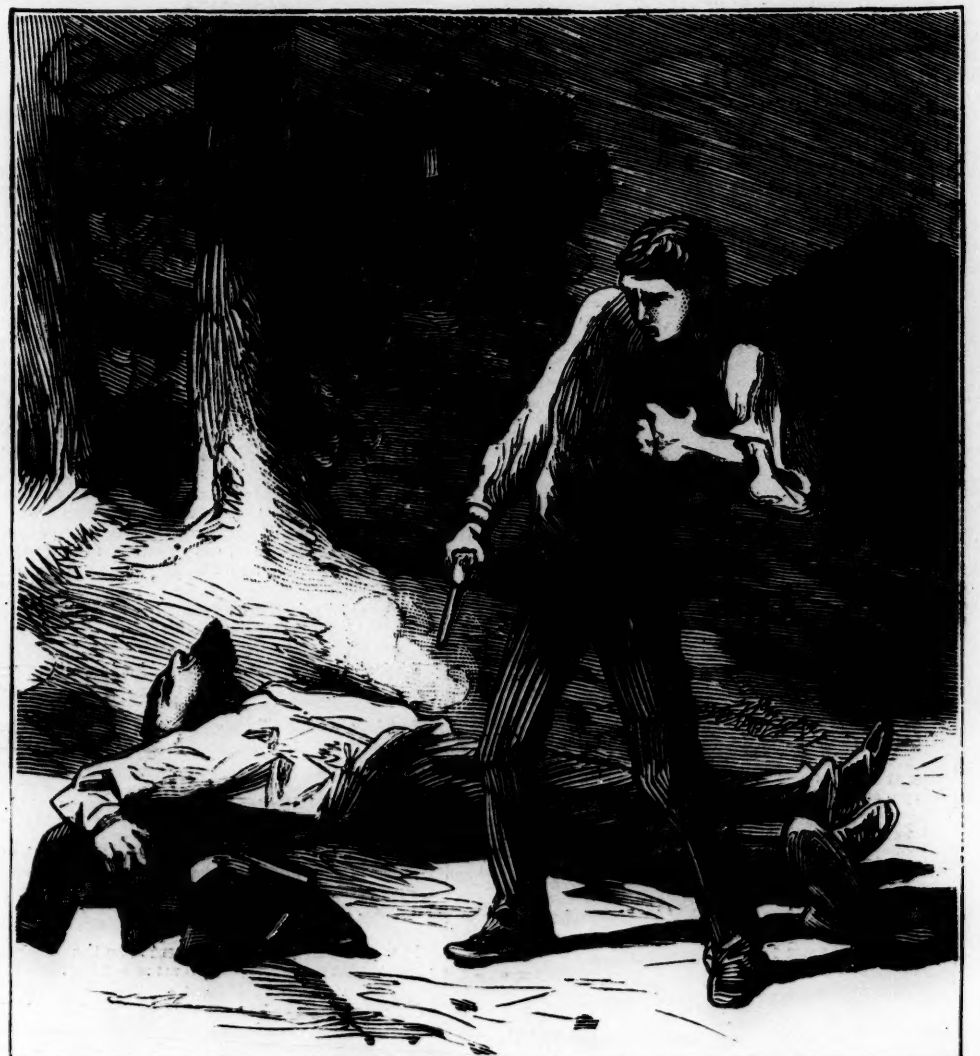
Editor Stead.

Mr. Stead is the editor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* which a few months ago exposed the shocking crimes carried on in the great city with young girls. Now this gentleman himself has been placed on trial on the charge of abduction.

M. "BOGUE" SELPH,
THE SLAYER OF W. M. KIRKLAND, LAKE CITY, FLA.

MISS CLOSS' RASH LOVER.

HE GRABS HER BY THE FOOT AND SHE CHASES HIM WITH A CARVING KNIFE.



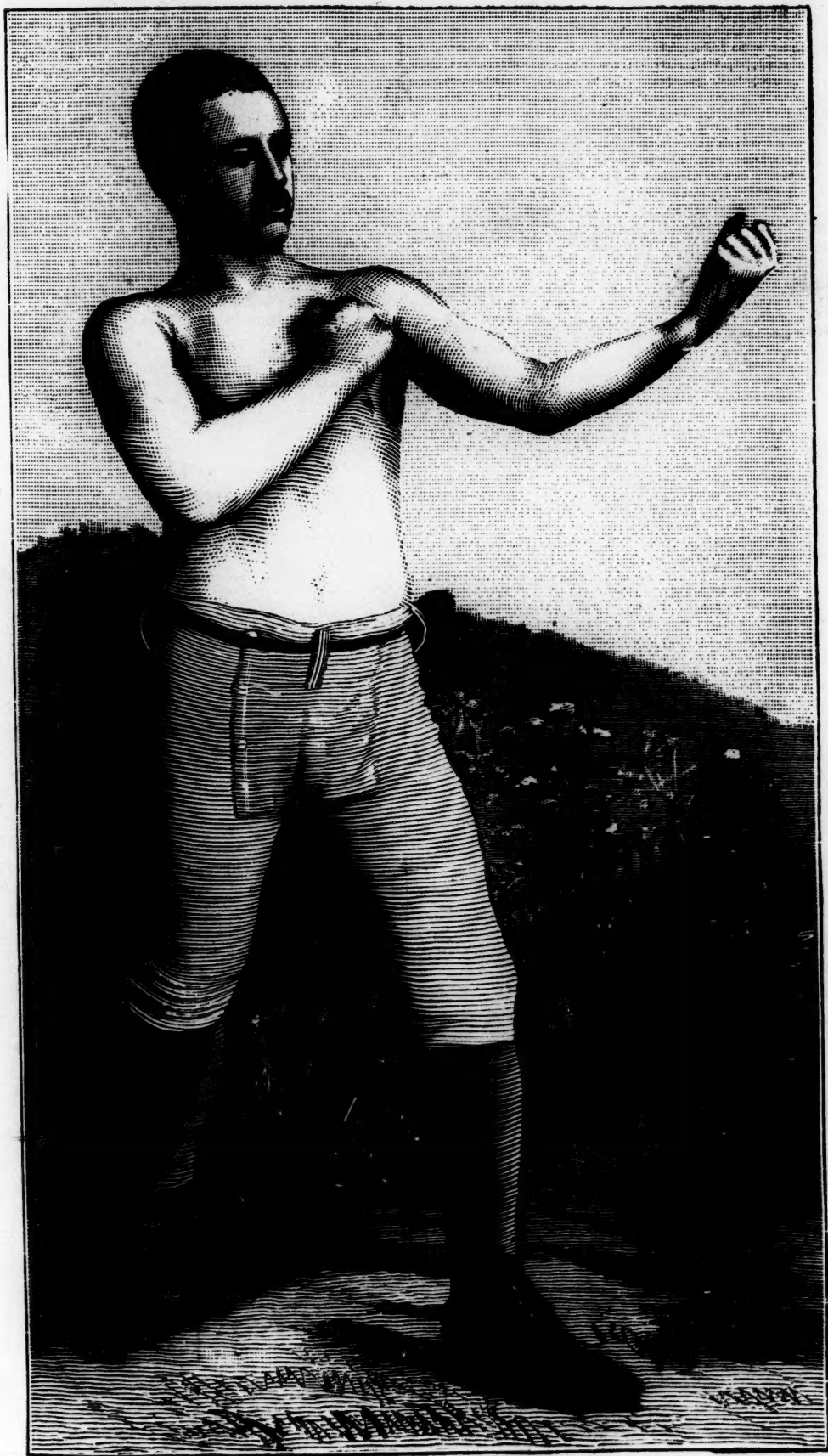
A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

TWO COTTONWOOD POINT, MO., FARMERS CLASP HANDS AND KILL EACH OTHER.



HOSE COMPANY No. 4.

THE CHAMPION TEAM OF GOSHEN, INDIANA.



BILLY BRADBURN,

THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT FIGHTER OF PITTSBURG, PA.



JOSEPH FLYNN,

THE CELEBRATED SWIMMER OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BEFORE THE BAR.

Beecher's Blunders--An Elegant Wine Season at Hand -- "Moonshine" Whiskey--Was Jumbo Full?--Maine Hotel Keepers' Grand Kick Against Prohibition.



Neal Dow has been for years notorious as the champion of the cold water fanatics in this country, and more especially in the small State of Maine, his native hearth. To-day this leader cannot find much comfort in the fact that this great liquor trade, on which he has wasted his life's energies, is the most important industry in the Union, and the one that gives more support to the general government and more circulation to the dollar than any other. It is clear to the liberal mind that liquor, with all its faults, has many virtues. With prohibition, high license, blue-nosed, cold water, narrow-minded, unjust and really unconstitutional measures which Dow and his followers are advocating would soon result in sinking us to a fourth or fifth rate position among nations. These cranks have got to be set aside by the ballot. We cannot consent to be ruled by fanatics suffering from bad livers and contracted craniums.

Sunday raids have broken out badly again in this city.

"Moonshine" whiskey costs 50 cents a gallon in Tennessee.

A temperance movement--Shoving the jug under the counter.

This is a splendid corn season: consequently distillers are smiling.

The grape crop this season is immense. The wine makers never had a better lot to select from.

The Hop Growers' Association is a new and powerful organization which will hop on the necks of the cranks.

The coming fall election will be a fatal blow to the cranks in many States. Prohibition must be knocked out at the polls.

Davenport for Governor is a bold front for the Republicans in this State to make against the temperance cranks. That gentleman is the president of the Steuben County Wine Growers' Association.

Rev. Sam Jones, the prohibitionist, is in very hard luck. His gospel tent was recently struck by a cyclone and wrecked. Sam is still on the hunt for the devil, and if he keeps it up "he'll git thar."

In Great Britain there are 15,000 alleged temperance societies, and still the country flows with the best of all kinds of liquors. The cold water cranks are now spreading the story that Jumbo was full at the time he met his sad fate.

The temperance folks say that there has been a decrease of 500 saloons in Iowa since the crank law went into effect. However, we may state that there is not a hamlet or town in the State where one cannot obtain all the liquor he requires, if he has the proper tip.

Tobacco has been celebrated in a Louisville convention. The glorification of the weed was pitched in this key: "I hold in my hands a sample of the grandest agricultural product of God's fruitful world, for tobacco stands without a peer as the solace of the rich and of the poor, of the civilized nation and of the barbarous tribe."

Temperance men, of Portland, Me., are much agitated over a technical error made by Municipal Judge Gould, on account of which every dealer who has been convicted in his court for the past six months and has appealed to the Superior Court will get clear. The Judge got out of search warrants, and in writing a form for a new warrant he left out certain vital words.

While the camp-meeting of the United Pilgrims was in progress in Isaac Haines' woods, about a mile from Wernersville, Pa., empty whiskey barrels were used in conveying water to the grounds, the United States stamps on which had not been destroyed. Cigars were sold on the camp-meeting grounds without the proper license, it is alleged, and the ministers who participated in the camp-meeting will be summoned before the United States Court.

Beecher seems to wander on the question of temperance. In one sermon he's against it and in the next he talks in a different strain. Recently he said: "No man can ever be made secure from any sin by having temptation kept from him, or by resolving to keep himself from temptation. He is safe only when he is strong enough to overcome it. There is only one safeguard against intemperance--Paul's 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit.'" Quite right, old man, this time. What next?

In the Hoffman House the other day, as he clinked glasses with a friend, Col. "Gabe" Wharton, of Kentucky, said: "Do you know why we touch glasses? No? Well, I doubt if one man in ten thousand who follows the custom can tell why he does it beyond the fact that it is what every other fellow does. The custom is old beyond the memory or traditions of men. Its origin was with the devotees of the earliest periods of which we have any knowledge. Their object was in this single convivial pleasure to please all the senses at once. The act of drinking is both touch and taste. You get the bouquet of good liquor as it passes under your nose, and that is smell. Now hold your glass up and you get sight, and clink it with your neighbor and you have sound, and thus each of the five senses has been gratified in the single act of taking a friendly glass."

The other day a lot of Maine hotel keepers held a meeting at Bangor, Me., to discuss various questions. They came from all over the State. To the surprise of many of those in attendance the principal subject of discussion was the liquor question. Everything else was lost sight of, and country hotel keepers, hosts of the mountain and the seacoast, all joined in an oratorical attack upon the Maine law. It seems that many of them who have heretofore supported prohibition have discovered that their guests from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Boston and other large cities will not submit to the exactions of the blue laws, and will not patronize the resorts there unless they can be accommodated with what they are accustomed to at home. It looks as though the hotel business would be instrumental in bringing about a license law in Maine. The summer hotels depend upon the big cities for support, and unless they can afford the accommodations desired they say their business will suffer. The Portland hotel keepers say that they are sorely bothered by the Maine law, not being able to cater to the wants of their guests unless they incur the risk of heavy fines. The opinion gains that the prohibitory law is a drawback.

"DIPPING A SCAB."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere we illustrate a "matinee" furnished a "scab" by the railroad employees at Eagle Rock, Idaho Territory, on Tuesday evening the 15th inst., when one John Kerkhoff was baptized in the limpid waters of Snake river.

Some days before the victim came from Pueblo, Col., where he had been working as a "scab" on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and for some unexplained reason he concluded to follow Horace Greeley's advice and "go West." He arrived in Eagle Rock and soon found work in the large shops there. But his unsavory reputation followed him and the "boys" were not long in determining upon a course of action. Accordingly, on the night stated, the unsuspecting victim was invited by a friend to take a quiet stroll up the river and while nearing the railroad bridge a dozen armed and masked men suddenly pounced upon the "scab," and with loaded revolvers pointed in dangerous proximity to his head marched him down to the edge of the water. After pinioning his hands behind his back and placing a rope around his waist waived the usual formalities of baptismal rites, and plunged him into the water, which is very deep. He was trolled against the current for several rods and hauled out and again scolded several times. This part of the show was finally closed and the poor fellow, more dead than alive, marched over the bridge at the ends of revolvers and galloped around over the sage brush and cactus for fully an hour. This part of the "amusement" closed the programme when "the boys" kindly intimated that it would be to his interest to remain there for perhaps a full hour and then inflict his presence on some other town at the earliest practicable time. He drew his time-check on the following morning and left town on the first freight train going North and is probably still going.

MOBBING AN EDITOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Court of Queen's Bench, Montreal, was crowded to overflowing Sept. 22 when the case of the Queen vs. E. E. Sheppard, editor of the Toronto News, on the charge of libeling Major Dugas, of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, was closed. The jury was out 38 minutes and brought in a verdict of guilty of libel without guilty knowledge. The judge sentenced the defendant to a fine of \$200 and costs, amounting to about \$2,000, which the defendant at once paid.

Upon leaving the court-room for his hotel Mr. Sheppard was surrounded by three hundred French Canadians who jeered and hissed him, finally closing about him. A young lieutenant in the Sixty-fifth Regiment, carrying a heavy rawhide, struck him two severe blows. Stepping back between the pillars supporting the court-house stairs Sheppard drew a revolver, and, pointing it at the crowd, ordered them back. They ran like sheep, crying: "Kill the English dog."

Mr. Sheppard was at once surrounded by police and taken to the station. On the way, Sheppard having been unarmed by constables, an attempt was made by the crowd to secure him, but the officers finally succeeded in getting him to the Central station, followed by the hooting, yelling mob. He was then put into a hack and driven to his hotel. He will appear in court on another charge shortly, when trouble is feared. The French are very much excited over his appearance. *Le Monde*, a French evening paper, published his picture and called upon all French Canadians to spit in his face and slap him.

HAZING AT PRINCETON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When the 122 innocent freshmen, who are Dr. McCosh's latest pride, woke up from their first dreams of cannibal sophomores on last Thursday morning, they found various things about the campus, including the old cannon painted green, as an indication of what the sophomores thought of them. As soon as the freshmen had got settled the sophomores had called on them formally. Young Alexander, of New York, whose father is a trustee, was one of those whom the sophomores thus honored.

"You won't do anything to me," he said, when a dozen sophomores told him how pretty he looked, "because my father is a trustee."

The sophomores did not love him a bit more because he was so naughty and rebellious toward them, and so they put him to bed five times on Saturday night and four times on Sunday. He had to spend almost all of the Sabbath, when he wasn't at church or chapel, putting on and taking off his apparel at the bidding of the

kindly disposed sophomores, who wanted to make sure that he had learned how to dress himself before he left home. Another youthful freshman was studying hard when his sophomore perceptrors made their first formal call upon him. They made him write the following note:

"DEAR FATHER--I have just returned from prayer meeting, and am now playing cards and throwing dice. I hope you are doing the same."

"Lovingly, YOUR SON."

The sophomores took the note and mailed it home, where the young man's father is probably wondering about the sudden changes of college life. One freshman was accused of having unclean feet, and the sophomores made him use his hair brush as a flesh brush, and, perched on his table, he was made to scrub them until they attained a pearly whiteness.

THE MONTREAL RIOTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A serious riot, the outcome of the small-pox epidemic, broke out in Montreal, Sept. 23. An immense procession, numbering over two thousand members of the congregation of St. James' Roman Catholic Church, headed by parish priests, acolytes and choristers, proceeded on a pilgrimage to the Catholic cemetery for the purpose of imploring divine assistance to overcome the epidemic.

On their return they were very demonstrative and roundly denounced the health officials, whom they accused of lack of vigilance and apathy. Many of the processionists armed themselves with bricks, stones and clubs and advanced upon the Eastern Branch of the Health Office.

When the howling mob of French Canadians were perceived by the frightened officials they hastily locked and barred the doors and barricaded themselves in their apartments. The rioters made several savage rushes upon the building, but failed to beat the barriers down. They were clamorous for the blood of the Health officers, but none was spilled.

Suddenly the mob retired and marched to the City Hall. This building was held in a state of siege for hours, and an attack was also made upon the *Herald* office, which was bombarded with bricks and stones.

The riot assumed such proportions that the troops were called out and the frenzied people were charged upon and dispersed with difficulty. So far as known no one was seriously hurt, but the excitement is at fever heat and an outbreak at any moment would not create surprise.

PLAYING BALL WITH SKULLS.

A most disgusting sight was witnessed by a number of pedestrians the other evening in Brooklyn. The sight referred to was that of a number of small boys and girls playing ball with a number of skulls which workmen had dug from the ground on the site where Gothic Hall stood, at 191 and 192 Adams street, Brooklyn. The lots in question belong to the Phelps estate, who propose to build flats on them. Last week a complete skeleton was found by the workmen, and the other day no less than eight skeletons were brought to light by the men who were excavating for cellars.

WILL THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS STRIKE?

Nothing further has been developed concerning the strike of the locomotive engineers on the Western lines. Insiders are unwilling to talk on the subject, but freely express their belief in Dr. Fyfe's *Pure Malt Whiskey* as a remedy for pneumonia, diphtheria, malaria, wasting and nervous diseases and insomnia. It is sold by all leading druggists and grocers and is warranted free from all adulterations.

MORE AMERICAN HONORS.

The International Inventions Exhibition of London has awarded a medal to Dundas Dick & Co. of this city for their "Mentholine," thus proving its superiority over all English manufactures.

TO ADVERTISERS.

W. H. Martin, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Drugs, Chemicals, etc., Gold Hill, N. C., Sept. 21, 1885.

R. K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR--Will say (as to my experience in regard to your paper) I have found it to be an excellent advertising medium. I have used it for a number of publications and have received fully as many letters from my advertisement in your paper as all the rest combined. Yours truly, etc., W. MARTIN.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The great holiday number of the POLICE GAZETTE for 1885, will be No. 428 published Nov. 23, so as to allow ample time to reach all points of the continent, enabling its readers to send in their orders to our patrons for the covetted issue which will present in that special holiday edition, which will excel all previous efforts, both in artistic effort and in extent of circulation, which shall not be less than 250,000!

TO OWNERS OF HORSES AND CATTLE.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are WARRANTED SUPERIOR to any other or no pay. They are innocent to give and are used by PRINCIPAL HORSEMEN and CATTLE RAISERS. Only 25 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray st., New York, where the FAMILY and HORSE VENETIAN LINIMENT can be obtained.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Great attraction, New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, corner of Washington place. Two immense halls filled with models of every part of the Human Body in health and disease. Anatomy of Flowers, Fruits and Vegetables. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, free to each visitor, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

SPORTING GOODS.

Beneke Bros., Champion Pedestrian and Athletic Shoemakers, 150 and 201 Canal St., N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 2.00 " Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display. During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Can send accompanying all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

ENGRAVERS.

WOOD-ENGRAVING
EVERY DESCRIPTION
FOR PRINTING PURPOSES.

We engrave to order illustrations of all kinds for Merchants, Manufacturers, Publishers and Advertisers generally. Views of Buildings, Machinery, Diagrams, Illustrations for Catalogues, Portraits, Colored Posters, Signatures, Trade Marks, Monograms, Etc., Etc. ORDERS BY MAIL CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO. PLEASE SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

C.W. CRANE & CO.
WOOD-ENGRAVERS
100 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Imported Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together: natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1; sold twelve years ago for \$5. I guarantee them exceedingly rich and the finest pictures in this or any foreign market: one set (12), safely by mail, \$1. Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York, can furnish photographs from life of all the champions and well-known sporting men, including Richard K. Fox, John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain, Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, the Marine, and 400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for catalogue to J. Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS. Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot, in sets of 12, sent by mail for \$1. Genuine, fancy pictures, guaranteed, 8 sets, \$2. Rubber safes for gentlemen, \$5 per dozen; 6 for \$2.50. W. Scott, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

Hush! Our set of 10 Genuine Photos from life, right kind, old timers, and full pack, 58 Transparent cards, M. and F., all secure, by mail. Price, \$1. THE IMPORTING CO., Box 1294, Oswego, N. Y.

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